



# F O L I A   O P I M A.



BY

J. B. N.

OF MILTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

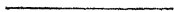


*Μνήμη τῆς αἰ.*



**Madras:**

J. B. PHAROAH



1843.

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TO MY MOTHER,

THE FIRST, BEST AND DEAREST

AMONG MY FRIENDS :

THESE POEMS

ARE DEDICATED

BY HER SON

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN

IS AFFECTION AND RESP.



## AMICIS.

---

THE Poems comprised in this Volume were written in very different times, places, and moods of temper : nor although the pleasing labours of composition have afforded me much gratification, should I have selected from a mass of papers these ‘*FOLIA OPIMA*’ and thrown them together in their present shape, had not the circumstance of my being suddenly called away from a truly loved home made me desirous of giving to the little world of my friends at large a token by which they might remember me during the hours of my absence.

To them may these fond lines my name endear,  
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

Poems, such as this volume contains—“*σύντομος ὡς πνύια λεπτῶν δόνακος*”—of a slight ephemeral character are perhaps not deserving of much praise on the score either of fancy in their conception, or labour in their performance : and yet they have ever appeared to me to possess a beauty peculiarly their own, which

like that of miniatures consists not less in polish than in truth. This also may be justly urged in their favour, that as they are for the most part suggested by some *peculiar* idea or event, they serve to exhibit the different shades of thought and feeling which the mind has undergone in its transition from youth to manhood, from manhood to maturity : and at the same time they readily recall in all their original force and reality scenes and thoughts which at the moment of their presence touched us with their pathos or their beauty, their melancholy or their mirth ; but which, from their very minuteness, are so evanescent that they would otherwise have escaped and never again occur to the recollection.

Of this I am sure. The practice of thus registering events as they pass, and the lights and shadows of thought and feeling as they sweep by is fraught with good. It opens the heart, and keeps it open : it expands the understanding, polishes the manners, gives us an ever increasing relish for the beauties of art and nature, cultivates the taste, endows us with a keen perception and admiration of all that is ennobling and excellent in morals, teaches us to love our fellows, and to honour our God.

These few brief chronicles, then of a life pleasantly, but hitherto not perhaps very usefully, spent I give

my friends in England with this double purpose, that as they sometimes cast their eyes upon the volume, they may have a kindly memory of its Author ; and that its Jerusalem may lead them to the conviction that under an exterior of carelessness I have never entirely neglected my opportunities of acquiring knowledge, or lost the habits of observation and proper feeling.

To the respective poems I have attached their dates ; not from any affectation, but rather as an index to the circumstances which gave them birth, and to avoid the charge of plagiarism I have freely quoted parallel passages, not doubting but that many more may be added—but of those which have occurred to me, the majority I have met with in my readings subsequent to composition : in very few instances indeed have I held them up as an example for imitation.

MOWBRAY GARDENS, *Madras*, Aug. 23, 1843.





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## E R R A T A.

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Page	49		<i>for</i> wrung	<i>read</i> rung.
"	61		<i>for</i> Slantripant	<i>read</i> Llantrissant.
"	92	line 16,	<i>for</i> years	<i>read</i> miles.
"	115	verse 3, line 2,	<i>for</i> creed	<i>read</i> cried.
"	139	verse 2, line 2,	<i>for</i> ever is	<i>read</i> is alway.
"	142	verse 1, line 1,	<i>for</i> who I sought	<i>read</i> who [when I sought.
"	144	verse 3, line 4,	<i>for</i> land	<i>read</i> band.
"	149	verse 5, line 1,	<i>for</i> silkin	<i>read</i> silken.
"	150	verse 4, line 1,	<i>for</i> thought	<i>read</i> taught.
"	153	verse 3, line 1,	<i>for</i> thine	<i>read</i> its.
"	154	verse 4, line 3,	<i>for</i> gaities	<i>read</i> gaieties.
"	177	verse 3, line 8,	<i>for</i> show	<i>read</i> know.

## DEDICATION.

---

The <sup>little</sup> bird, e'en in its earliest flight,  
Warn'd by some inward monitor avoids  
The shining berry, fair in form and hue,  
Whose juice is laden with the dews of death.  
Thus Nature, ever wise and kind, has arm'd  
Creatures, else helpless, 'gainst their specious foe.  
But in the human breast instinctive guard  
She planted none against the shows of vice  
Seductive, and false pleasure's fair out-side.  
This with a double purpose has she plann'd;  
That the fond mother hanging o'er her child  
Might have the joyful task, the *mother's* task,  
No less by bright example than by words  
Of love and wisdom and reproof to train  
The lisping little one to virtuous ways :  
And that the child thankful in after years  
For obligation not to be repaid,  
Might with another tie strong as the bond  
Of natural affection cling to her.  
To thee, my Mother, ever dear and lov'd,  
But most in absence lov'd, to whom I owe  
Whate'er of good and holy, kind and wise,  
My weak and chequered character may boast,  
To thee, be dedicate these varied strains

Which to beguile the long and lonely hours  
 That kept him from thee thy sad Son pour'd forth  
 And if in them be found just thought and view,  
 Moral reflexion, evidence, or glimpse  
 Of the true bard's high calling—"to refine  
 Life's springs, the nobler passions of the soul"—  
 Be thine, 'tis justly due, the crown of praise

' *Campbell*

INDIAN OCEAN, *January 3, 1813*

## *AN EXCUSE FOR WRITING POETRY.*

---

“ I will give thanks unto thee ; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.” Psalm 139.

Yes ! fearful, wonderful indeed our make  
When o'er the mind unbent from toil for years,  
Which grief scarce moves, nor worldly pleasures wake,  
Subtle, yet strong emotions sweep and shake  
Oft times the soul to tears !

Not only scenes, where various objects fill  
The heart with memories of forgotten things,  
The old wych elm beneath the shaded hill,  
The well lov'd home, the fields, the grove, the ill,  
Unlock these secret springs:

Not only pictures where once more we trace  
Features familiar to our earliest day,  
Bound in our heart of hearts, a parent's face  
Whose dust was mingled with the bye gone race  
When we were far away:

Not only the dim bell of some lone flower  
Weigh'd down with dew, or shut by evening close  
Calling up visions of the long past hour—  
These, though the soul starts at their magic power,  
Are palpable and gross.



But finer essences than these, a word—  
A most impalpable and fleeting scent—  
A single tone of music faintly heard,  
Aye, even unto tears have oft times stirr'd  
The heart through which they went.

But without sound and finer still, a thought  
Floating like clouds, shadowy and undefin'd,  
From time-worn books by recollection brought,  
Or born of loneliness, is full and fraught  
With motion for the mind.

Such, though they vanish as they come, ring clear  
Through all imagination's tuneful cells,  
As stricken harp-choords vibrate on the ear  
After their tone is hush'd—these come to rear  
With strong yet silent spells

Affections, memories, hopes and fears—they bring  
An ever-lengthening troop like mingling dreams :  
And opening wide her secret fountains, fling  
From sympathy's unfathomable spring,  
Around us tearful streams.

These, swift as light from Heav'n, once waken'd, dart  
Continuous, still, countless, through the mind—  
Like Autumn shadows o'er the hills, they start  
To chase away each other—so depart,  
Leaving no trace behind.

Of many-colour'd meshes webs more thin

A thousand times than those fine filmy threads  
Which float i' the air on Summer morns, they spin,  
And compass all created matter in—

Then burst themselves to shreds.

Through rolling stars upon their paths they peer,

Hold commune with their habitants, and bring  
Over the entranced soul and ravish'd ear  
In tones of melody from each far sphere  
The voice with which they sing.

Bright spirits from the Ocean depths they call ;

From groves and welling fountains, earth, and air—  
Fairies they summon from their mystic hall—  
Fair as the day-spring—uncreated all—  
Fleeting, unreal as fair !

By meditation's wizard touch unseal'd

Such are the fancies that around us throng—  
The heart, believe me, so it be not steel'd,  
To which such bright creations are reveal'd  
Must pour itself in song !

LILANFRISANI, *Sept.* 1839.

### STARS.

---

Why all night long shine these,  
Wherefore if none behold? *Milton.*

"The heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament  
Showeth his handy work." *Psalm 19.*

Whether those stars that twinkling lustie send  
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,  
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare—  
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.

---

*Gay.*

The lilies of the field!  
They do not spin their dewy-spangled vest;  
Yet kings in regal robes of glory drest  
To these pale flowers must yield!

The myriad stars of night!  
All that the brightest pencil ever drew  
They far excel; all that ere Fancy knew,  
With one faint touch of light.

Ye sparkling globes on high,  
Beauty is yours, and multitude, and space,  
Motion and silence, majesty and grace,  
And still sublimity.

Say, did Creation's Sire  
First hang ye in the firmamental arch  
To light this favour'd world upon its march,  
Bright lamps of quenchless fire?

S T A R S.

Nor only guide, but give,  
Lest mortals should forget in some dark hour,  
Glad signal nightly that celestial Power  
Watches o'er all who live ?

Thrones are ye where the throng  
Of white-rob'd angels sits in countless bands,  
With crowns of amaranth and palmy wands,  
Joining concentuous song ?

Or like an armed guard  
Plac'd in the van of Heavn's embattled steep  
Against the fallen angels, without sleep  
Keep ye high watch and ward ?

Are ye those happy isles  
Floating mid seas of light in luminous foam—  
The “ many mansions ” of our Father's home,  
Fair and majestic piles ?

Or worlds like this, with glen,  
Rock, streamlet, river, ocean : herb and tree ;  
Green spot, and deserts wild immensity,  
And peopled oer with men ?

Are they too born in tears,  
Children of sin and sorrow, heirs of death,  
• Subjects of love and hate ; from their first breath  
Creatures of hopes and fears ?

Have they their poor and great—  
Degree and station, different faiths and creeds,  
And history, a roll of bloody deeds ;  
Empires and kingly state ?

Has Art for them unbound  
With wondrous rod Imagination's soil,

Has patience' sister smil'd upon their toil,  
Science, with ivy crown'd ?

Hath it burst forth—the tongue  
Of god-like eloquence—does music float  
Upon their dewy eve with dying note\*—  
Have bards enraptured sung ?

But cease : for trebly vain  
The longing to pierce through the veil that hides  
The secrecy of even the star that rides  
Least in the heavenly train.

Yet man would willingly  
In the small circle of his reasoning  
Confine and trammel each mysterious thing  
Seal'd to weak human eye.

Oh ! false and fatal pride  
Which builds up altar-stones to intellect,  
The victim, faith—ye lean, vain-glorious sect,  
On broken reed, blind guide.

Half the fair things that be  
Must by such creed lie crush'd, like flowers by storms ;  
Beauty in its most cheap and trivial forms  
Is link'd with mystery.

If from his prison bars  
Some sceptic in the dungeon cells of doubt  
Sighs to be free, henceforth let him look out,  
And *think* upon the stars.

TEMPLE OF KARNAC, THEBES, 1841.

\* That strain again—it had a dying fall. *Twelfth Night.*

Hark ! how it floats upon the dewy air  
Oh ! what a dying, dying close was there. *Progress of Error.*

## FLOWERS.

---

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind  
Who daily court you and caress,  
How few the happy secret find.  
Of your calm loveliness.

*Christian Year.*

Ω φίλτατε γη μήτηρ, ὡς σιμνον σφοδρ' εἶ  
Τοῖς νοῦν ἰχοῦσι κτήμα

---

With holy awe I cull the opening flower,  
The hand of God hath made it, and where'er  
The flowret blooms, there God is present also.

*Lady F. Hastings.*

---

To every form of being is assigned  
An *active* principle.

*Wordsworth.*

---

— φρὴν ἰζρη καὶ ἀθείσφατος ἔπλετο μοῦνον  
φρόντισι κόσμον ἀπαντα κατὰίσσουσα θοῇσι

*Plotinus ap. Ammonius* ~

---

I heard a voice complain,  
And not in levity, that flowers appear  
Without an object in their *being* here,  
Bare links of nature's chain.

And can it then be true  
That beauty such as their's was given to shine  
If not by chance, at least without design,  
Scope, aim, and end, and view?

Were all their thousand dyes  
Sprinkled in vain—their rain-bow colours bright—  
Their tints and shades, their gleams of dewy light,  
Faint streaks and speckled eyes?

Their forms of fairy mould—  
Chalice and bell—their delicate perfume—  
Their buds like wax or foam—their velvet bloom—  
Their petals of pure gold?

Oh! no there's not a thing  
E'en of most abject fashion from the stone  
Up to the angel on his sapphire throne,  
But like a well-tun'd string

Yields the just note design'd  
By Him who hears the music in the sky,  
And deign'd to bid celestial harmony  
Run through created kind.\*

May it not be his plan  
That flowers first sprung spontaneous from the soil  
To ease and soothe, when wearied out with toil,  
The leisure mind of man :

\* From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran  
The diapason closing full in man.

*Dryden.*

Not only sense, but soul—  
 With tri-une attributes, hue, shape, and scent,  
 Three soft attractions mystically blent  
 In the same perfect whole?

Or if man have no *need*  
 Of forms and images in beauty drest,  
 But like his frame his intellect want rest  
 Alone from labour freed,

How should we love the Power  
 That for our *pleasure* raised the enamell'd band—  
 For never man, but with *some* pleasure scann'd  
 Fresh blossom and full flower—

And shall we sit us down  
 With this content?—was there no loftier aim  
 With which to earth these bright eyed strangers came,  
 Unto her brows a crown?

Yes! 'twas that man might see  
 Beside his daily path, mirror'd in grace,  
 And, as it were, reflected from their face,  
 The present Deity.

Who gave the haughty rose  
 Its crimson blush—who paled the lily's cheek—  
 Painted carnation o'er with varied streak,  
 Sad hyacinth with woes?\*

\* For the classic story of Hyacinthus see Ovid Met. 10-185.  
 Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et ai, ai,  
 Flos habet inscriptum.

“ Like to that sanguin'd flower inscribed with woe.”

*Lycidas.*

λαληθρον ἐν ὑμνοπολοῖς ὑακινθον

*Meleager.*



Who steep'd in odorous dew  
 Dark violets—bade honey suckle twine—  
 Gave daffodil in golden garb to shine—  
 Iris her robe of blue ?

\* Whence did the night-stock learn  
 To shed her scents only when day is done—  
 The gaudy flower that ever loves the sun  
 Still to its orb to turn ?

'Twas the same love to save  
 By which the sole-begotten Son was plac'd  
 On earth, after long suffering to taste  
 Death, and o'ercome the grave.

And upon every seed,  
 Each leaf, bud, blossom, speck, and streak, and stain  
 'Tis mark'd in characters so deep and plain  
 That he who runs may read.

For with no other guide  
 Than reason for our weak and wandering feet  
 From the bare path we might perchance retreat,  
 Our faith too much be tried.

But since with flowers are gemm'd  
 The road-side hedge, the garden and the field,  
 If full belief our hard hearts will not yield,  
 By these are we condemn'd.

AT SEA. *April 29, 1842.*

\* Many flowers have this peculiarity. So the *Dama della noce*, a beautiful Spanish shrub, and the night blowing *cereus*.

This and the foregoing poem were written as counterparts to each other and at first sight they may appear to be on precisely the same subject. Both regard natural objects with a view to the revelation of the Deity, or rather contemplate God through natural objects ; but the one addresses itself to the *Sceptic* the other to the simply careless. The one goes to the folly of man in not believing what is mysterious ; or in other words, inculcates the necessity of Faith :—the other brings prominently forward the Providence of the Creator even in his minutest works, and the condemnation which awaits wilful unbelief.

## POOR MEN'S DREAMS.

---

" Blessings on him who first invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and lastly the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise."

*Don Quixote.*

---

Ye know not what ye do  
That call the slumberer back  
From the world unseen by you  
Unto life's dim faded track.

*Hemans.*

---

Dreams are the happiest part of poor men's lives—  
For when sleep falls upon their weary lids,  
Like the still dew which night descending pours  
Into the slumbering flower-bells, all their cares  
The hopeless wants, the cheerless toils of day,  
The fears, the longings, and the lowering mass  
Of deep anxieties dispers'd roll off,  
As tempest-clouds before the genial sun.  
Then for a while stern Penury herself  
Loos'ning her gripe, shakes forth her iron reins,  
And swift, Imagination's painted car  
Drawn by the rapid-footed steeds of Thought,  
Fancy, the charioteer, is whirl'd along  
Into the regions of far fairy-land.

Then he, whose nightly meal, a scanty crust,  
Was wash'd with water from the neighbouring spring,  
Whom thatch and rags scarce shelter'd from the blast,  
Straightway becomes a monarch : Lo ! he sits  
Within his palace on an ivory throne,  
Sceptre in hand, and golden crown on head,  
His robes, imperial purple. Through the doors  
To all flung open flows the subject throng,  
To whom, each in his turn doffing their caps  
And bending low the knee, he doth dispense  
Equal and ready justice by his nod :  
And—for 'tis ever thus that poor men say,  
And fancy they would act (oh ! heart of man)  
Should happier fortune gild their future path—  
He pours his treasures with unsparing hand,  
Making want smile, and shivering beggars sing.

Or he is stretch'd upon a moss-grown bank  
Watching the fairies trace their moon-lit rings—  
Thousands of pigmy forms upon the green,  
Clad in transparent robes of wavy light,  
Whirl round the dance with ever ceaseless song,  
To strains of wild unearthly music tun'd ;—  
Strains, such as the enamour'd wind harp sighs,  
When youthful zephyr steals upon her rest,  
And fans her bosom with his purple wings.

Some weave thin chains of gossamer in air,  
Floating themselves, and chaunting elfin spells :  
Some hang like May flies o'er the near cascade,  
Laving their gauze-like pinions in the spray,

A silver cloud that veils the naked stream,  
Yet scarcely, from the chaste eyes of the moon.  
Some quaff the sparkling dew from hollow cups  
Of beryl turn'd, or amethystine hue :  
Others hang clustering like new-swarming bees  
From the long branches of the fragrant lime :  
Under the shade of folded flowers they lie,  
On rose-leaf couch supine—A warrior band  
Guards every avenue on gnats and moths  
And butterflies caparison'd for war :  
Their bridles, spider's web : their glittering spears  
Of pointed moon-beams—helmets brightly set  
With tiny stars, and plumes, and scarfs of down  
Blown from autumnal thistles by the breeze :  
Their bucklers diamond, their spears of gold !  
A countless host, all radiant as the noons  
Of noon-day sun, upon their king and queen  
Attendant obsequious round their jewell'd thrones,  
In crystal halls arch'd o'er with orient pearl,  
And length'ning aisles from the streak'd agate cut,  
Where, hung on jasper pillars, mystic flames  
(Such as the wayfarer be-lated sees  
Flitting by night o'er marshy moors) close pent  
In sapphire prisons, cast pale violet hues  
O'er floors with saffron-colour'd topaz set ;  
Till when the first faint streak hath pal'd the skies,  
With whoop—and halloo, and the rush of wings  
The pageant fades into the grey of morn.

Sometimes he mingles with the mazy dance,  
Through lofty rooms where costliest perfume  
And shrubs of rare exotic growth cast round  
A delicate taint upon the loaded air.  
There amid orange-bloom and arbutus,  
Roses and flowers of every scent and hue,  
Lamps hang dispos'd, amid the leaves scarce seen,  
Which by some curious art subdued shoot forth  
O'er the cool marble pavement, tessellate,  
Rays without glare of amber-colour'd light—  
Strains of voluptuous music faintly fall,  
Like fountains dropping distant, on his ear ;  
While in rich carpets of the gaudy East,  
Stain'd with the Syrian and the crocus dye,  
That blush and spring disdainful from the tread,  
His foot sinks deeply down, luxurious :  
Now glides o'er glassy boards whose polish'd gloss  
Lends swiftness to the twinkling feet that fly  
In circles o'er it. With the joyous train,  
Himself as joyous, to the banquet halls,  
Where mirrors catch the dazzling light, reflect,  
And multiplying, beautify the scene,  
Onward he sweeps where gold and dainties deck  
Almost in equal shares the festive board :  
And amid youth and beauty, laugh and jest,  
Rich dresses, cheeks that glow and sparkling eyes,  
Quaffs brimming goblets crown'd with ruby wine.

Lo ! the scene changes. Now a belted knight  
Glittering in arms of fluted steel, the grooves

Thick sown with flowery gold, and nodding plume,  
Emblazoned buckler, clattering glove and heel,  
Graceful he reins his charger round the lists,  
By gorgeous heralds, knights discomfited  
Mid waving kerchiefs, smiles and shouts and cheers,  
Till with a bound his mighty war-horse stands,  
Still as the statue in the Arabian tale,  
Or those stone warriors whom the sainted George,  
Champion of England, woke for his compeers !  
His lance-point lowering to the ground, he bows  
Low o'er the saddle's pointed bow his head  
And locks close-clustering, which the envious casque  
Conceals no longer from the wooing wind.  
Meanwhile the tell-tale blush swift mantling o'er  
His toil-brown'd cheek and forehead, speaks his love,  
While from the Queen of beauty's trembling hand,  
Stout knight, he gains the garland, and is crown'd,  
Exulting, victor of the tournament !

Now his brave barque is bounding o'er the sea ;  
High heav'n above, the rushing wave below,  
Her stiff masts groaning, all her cordage strain'd,  
And her white canvas, bellying in the wind.  
Swift-as a bird of ocean (when the Sun  
Flogs downward his o'er driven steeds to cool  
His glowing wheels beneath the western wave)  
Points her flight homeward to her clift-hid nest,  
He steers his vessel toward the sea-girt land,  
His island home, unseen for many years.

Sudden his barque starts up a stately ship  
Pierc'd through, and bristling round with brazen guns :  
Then whilst the crew by turns keeps faithful watch,  
He paces the tall deck, an admiral :  
And glass in hand sweeps all the horizon's verge,  
Marks the rich convoy crowding close around,  
Fearful of danger where no danger is—  
Like white-winged doves, who cower when high in air,  
The mimic falcon, boyhood's harmless sport,  
Floats on broad wings, and scares the feathery tribe—  
Now he is bending o'er the glass-like wave,  
Now looks out on the myriad stars that stud  
With golden spangles the dun skirts of night !

Once more—one of those charms of magic sleep—  
Long painful years have backward roll'd their course  
And he is seated on the village green,  
Tasteless of care, a little fair-hair'd child,  
(Close by his father's homely cot, bound o'er  
With clematis and wood-bine's tangled sweets)  
Beneath the branches of a spreading oak ;  
Such as when Mona, sacred Mona knew  
The sway of Druids, skill'd alike in laws  
And oracles, and medicinal herbs,  
Had grown the noblest, holiest in her woods !  
Thoughtless he sits within the checker'd shade,  
Under the rustling leaves, nor distant far  
Babbles the streamlet o'er its lustrous stones,

Like a fierce braggart, brawling as it runs ;  
Here hidden by dark alders, peeping there  
Between its smooth enamell'd banks to win  
The sun's hot glances to its silver breast.  
Lo ! from the school broke loose an urchin band,  
His fellows in that sinless prime ! They rush  
Far unrestrain'd, and spread o'er all the green  
With wild halloo and gambol : pensive, some  
Seek the deep shade or muse beside the brook ;  
How few ! for sun and sport and daisied mead  
Inlaid with cowslips claim the rout their own.

But hush ! what spell is on the sleeper now ?  
Some well-known voice whose tones have long been hush'd,  
Nor lov'd half-well enough till miss'd, falls sad  
As an old strain of music on his ear—  
One of those strains we hear when we are young,  
And never more ! what if he starts, and wakes ?

First conscious breath he draws in sighs to find  
The vision *but* a vision—faded—flown—  
Back through sleep's ivory portals—Yes ! 'tis true—  
Dreams are the happiest part of poor men's lives !



To   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

The night-stock woos the gentle hour of eve  
    And wafts her scents to greet the bird of song  
Who then most loves amid green bowers to grieve,  
    And midnight is belov'd by elfin throng.

## 2

The modest violet loves the thicket's shade,  
    Where gossamers by fairy hands are spun :  
The dew-drop loves the green-grass waving blade ;  
    The blushing red-rose woos the amorous sun !

## 3

The swallow loves the summer's sultry hour,  
    The wizard Cuckoo burns for early spring,  
The wandering bee hangs o'er each love-sick flower,  
    And bears its sweets away on weary wing.

## 4

The willow weeps its favorite stream beside,  
    The wind-harp answers each young zephyr's call ;  
The dove sits pining where its fellow died,  
    The may-fly hovers o'er the water fall.

## 5

The sturdy elm supports the clustering vine,  
    The nut brown hazel kisses blooming May ;  
Round the firm oak the ivy loves to twine,  
    The opening flowrets sigh for early day.

## 6

Yes ! the whole universe is rosy love—

'Twas born in heav'n, and flung o'er earth and sea :

And since all things are so, below, above,

Why wonder, fairest, at my love for 'Thee ?

## 7

But the bee roves, the flowers and blossoms fade,—

The swallows flit, the circling hours will change,

The cuckoo's note is hush'd, the rose in shade,

And thus perchance my love from thee may range.

## 8

Yes ! when the rivers backward seek their source :

When the swift tides shall cease to ebb and flow :

When the calm ocean knows no more the force

Of storms, and wintry winds shall never blow.

## 9

Yes ! when the stars in heaven no longer shine,

When quivering aspens shall forget to play,

When silver poplars shall bud forth the vine,

And barren fig-trees blush with blooming May.

## 10

Yes ! when the daisy roots it in the brook,

And the pale water-lily seeks the woods :

When the meek cushat dove, her groves foresook,

Shall build her nest in safety on the floods.

## 11

Yes! when the Nautilus forgets to sail

A tiny mariner across the sea,  
And rows his paper barque o'er hill and dale,  
My love perchance *may* tear itself from Thee.

LXNE, Feb. 1835.

[Linking together impossibilities has been a favourite trick of the poets from the earliest times]

νῦν ἴα μιν φορέοιτε βάτοι φορέοιτε δ' ἄκανθοι,  
ἀ δέ καλὰ νάρκισσος ἐπ' ἄρκεύθοισι κομάσαι  
παν'τα δ' ἐναλλα γένοιοντο, καὶ ἂ πίτυς ὄχνας ἐν' εἰκαι

exclaims Theocritus on the death of Daphnis. Ovid too with his usual happiness,

In caput alta suum labuntur ab æquore ictro  
Flumina, conversis solque recurret equis,  
Terra feret stellas, calum findetur aratio,  
Unda dabit flammæ, et dabit ignis aquas.

But not to multiply instances, I believe there is scarcely a poet from whom similar examples might not be drawn. It is in the same spirit which prompted this poem that Anacreon argues in favour of drinking

Ἢ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,  
πίνει δὲ δίνῃρε' αὐτήν,  
πίνει θάλασσα δ' ἄνρας,  
Ὁ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν,  
Τὸν δ' ἥλιον σελήνη  
Τὶ μοι μάχισθ' ἐτάιροι,  
Κ' αὐτῷ θέλοντι πίνειν ;

\* The latter portion of the poem is on an equally classical model—  
Cf. The epitaph of Cleobulus on Midas commencing

καλκὴ παρθένος εἰμι

And Virgil—

In ficta dum thumi currunt dum montis umbrae &c

ON BEING TOLD THAT FRIENDSHIPS  
FORMED IN EARLY YOUTH DECAY  
IN AGE.

---

Friendship in each successive stage of life  
As we approach him vanes to the view.

*Landon*

---

They tell me that boyhood will quickly be gone  
My friendships too all pass away :  
Though bright as the summer sun rising at dawn  
Like him they will die with the day.

But never, ah ! never my heart shall believe  
So cruel a system as this—  
Must I ne'er cease in manhood one moment to grieve  
Because my whole boyhood was bliss ?

There are springs mid the sands of the desert, tho' few  
When the waters stream fresh from the sand ;  
And the wilderness boasts of a spot where the dew  
Falls light on a flowery band.

What tho' Hecla be crown'd on his summit with snow,  
And the ice never melts on his brow,  
A flame still burns bright in his bosom below,  
Which shall ever burn brightly as now.

Then surely some breasts which yet cherish the flame  
Of friendship in age may be found—  
There are hearts, be they few, which continue the same  
Mid the many still changing around.

Age may pass o'er my forehead, and blast like a storm  
Each fresh-budding hope and each joy,  
But it shall not, it cannot, ere banish the form  
Of the friend whom I lov'd as a boy.

SLEAFORD VICARAGE, *Oct. 1, 1835.*

## ON VISITING LUGGIE LAUGH.

---

[Luggie Laugh, the hunting seat of the La Touches, is situated in an unfrequented part of the county of Wicklow. The house is placed in a small deep valley, entirely hemmed in by lofty rocks, the lawn, divided by several little running streams is, perhaps on that very account, of a most vivid green and close to the house is the Luggie or Lake, from which the place derives its name. At the time I visited it, it was tenantless, the old proprietor being dead, and the younger members of the family having all separated to push their fortunes in the world. A solitary servant, one of the handsomest and finest men I ever saw was left, a sort of Alexander Selkirk, "the monarch of all he surveyed" — His grizzled beard descended half way down his breast, and his long grey locks escaping from underneath his tall grey woollen cap fell over his shoulders as he stepped along with a lightness and elasticity seldom met with even in youth. He expressed the warmest love of the country and its sports and the most thorough contempt for cities and their inhabitants. Many a tale he told of hound and hawk pointing out where a large fish or an eagle had been killed, and stepping the distance where you before one of his young masters had brought down a cock. Poor Charley Day, there are not many like thee, and it may be that even these poor streams shall serve to keep from utter oblivion the name of as free and simple a spirit as ever followed the gentle craft of venery.]

ὁρῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς δουρὶν ὄντας ἄλλό πλὴν  
εἴδωλ' ὅσοι περ ζῶμεν ἡ κουφὴν σκίαν

*Sophocles.*

---

There is a joyous murmur in the rills :

The lake is bright, the lawn looks grassy green :

And yet a melancholy sadness fills

My soul while gazing on this peaceful scene !

Say, is it not that all these charms appear

Reft of the race for whom they seem'd to glow ;  
The race whose earliest youth had frolicked here,  
Before their bud of joy was nipt by woe.  
They all are gone, yet every summer sees  
Fresh blossoms hanging on the same green trees !

## II.

Yes ! 'tis indeed a spot with stilly charm  
To wake up music in the Poet's breast :  
To win the troubled spirit back from harm,  
And soothe the worldly sufferer's deep unrest.  
Here calm Philosophy may scan the page  
Of ancient fiction or of classic lore,  
Recall each scene of every bye-gone age,  
And practise morals which she taught before ;  
Whilst many a magic vision well might rise  
At Fancy's touch unbidden to the eyes.

## III.

Here oft at eve upon the dewy lawn,  
The fairies throng from flowery banks and dells,  
Dancing in mazy rings until the dawn,  
To the soft music of sweet silver bells ;  
Whose magic tones the live-long night awake  
Each rock and cavern in this sylvan scene,  
Whilst wanton echo floats above the lake,  
A glassy mirror set in velvet green,  
Where the gay Moon looks down from Heav'n to view  
Her image trembling in her own bright hue.

## IV.

There *have been* other tones; the joyous song,  
The laugh of boyhood, the soft voice of maids;  
And other feet have tripp'd these swards along,  
And other forms have wander'd thro' these glades.  
These cavern'd crags have heard the wild halloo  
Of eager sportsman at the break of day,  
And oft his fly the gentle angler threw  
From the smooth margin of the inmost bay,  
Where long success had taught him best to gain  
The trout, fleck'd o'er with many a crimson stain.

## V.

These trees have heard the tale of gentle love,  
In early spring, and given a grateful shade  
In one green fret-work canopy above,  
Where the once hospitable board was laid.  
Oft too at sultry noon with dripping oars  
The buoyant skiff would dance across the lake,  
And as it farther left the smiling shores  
A line of light still glitter in its wake,  
To fade how quickly! 'twas an emblem true  
Of worldly joys, as bright, as transient too!

## VI.

Now all these varied sounds of life are still;  
Hush'd is the song, the hunter's merry blast;  
The lazy echo sleeps upon the hill,  
The hours of rural mirth and joy are past.  
The forms that wonder'd here are seen no more;



Some have already spun their thread of life :  
The rest have quitted Thee, sweet Luggie Laugh,  
Unwisely, for the world its cares and strife ;  
And thou art left, girt in thy rocky zone  
In all thy former beauty, but alone !

## VII.

But one of all that happy throng remains,  
One well tried servant of the bygone race—  
Too well he loved the country's open plains,  
Too well the rustic life, and stirring chase  
To quit the home his earliest boyhood knew  
For courtly halls, or traffic's busy voice ;  
' The worn out tree should fall where erst it grew'  
Such was his creed, and, well he made his choice  
For sparing time has left him where he rang'd  
From youth, save in his silver locks, unchang'd.

## VIII.

And so he linger'd still about the spot  
A solitary man with many a tale  
Or thrice-told legend of each nook and grot,  
Skill'd in each art alike of oar and sail.  
Full well he knew to climb the steepest crag,  
Or with strange stories cheat the tedious way.  
How fell the eagle, where the antler'd stag  
By the fierce dogs was proudly brought to bay :  
And the full tear stood quivering in his eye  
When he re-called the happy days gone bye.

## IX.

Those days are gone, and with them all the throng  
That trod this valley save this one old man :  
Let but a few short years have passed along  
He too shall fill the measure of his span.  
Then *all* are tenants of the silent tomb,  
And not a mark shall tell where they have been ;  
The rocks shall frown the same, the flowers shall bloom,  
The lake flow brightly and the lawn look green.  
What a sad lesson for the heart is found  
In all the unchanging loveliness around !

LITTLE SLANMORE, *May* 4 1837.

## THE WISH.

---

Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,  
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,  
Et paulum silvæ super his foret, auctius atque  
Di melius fecere—Bene est ; nihil amplius oro.

*Horace.*

---

Hic secunda quies, et nescia fallere vita.

*Virgil.*

---

Mine be a cot beside a running stream  
Whose source perpetual through each season flows  
A garden stock'd with flowers, where lilies seem  
To vie in beauty with the blushing rose.

## II

A vine-clad porch, in which from showers secure  
My rustic implements of toil to mend :  
Enough to spare the wanderer, and the poor  
Their weekly dole, and cheer a coming friend,

## III

A little shelf of well selected books,  
The sweet companions of my leisure day—  
A faithful dog taught to obey my looks  
Whether I bid him hunt or crouch or play.

## IV.

Mine be a mind unskill'd in worldly ways,  
 With healthful exercise a body strong :  
 Virtuous deeds not wrought from love of praise,  
 And last not least mine be the gush of song.

## V

I ask not honours, the command of laws,—  
 A pompous train with costly hawk and hound—  
 Cups wrought with gold, or fame, the brief applause  
 Of fickle multitudes, an empty sound.

## VI.

Wealth brings not happiness ! \*Let others boast  
 The price at which their vast estates were bought ;  
 I know that perils *such* surround the most,  
 Tho' not, thank God, by sad experience taught.

## VII.

To them I leave the struggles of the soul—  
 Let me but prune my vine, and graft my trees,  
 Mark the still varying seasons as they roll ;  
 Work my own garden, watch my busy bees.

## VIII.

Hear the stream whisper to its pendant banks,  
 My equal time with books and labours share,  
 Assist the poor, yet learn to shun the thanks  
 For what I know they want, and I can spare.

\* οὐ μοι τὰ Τύγῳ τοῦ πολυχρύσου μέλει

## IX.

Let but sweet sleep, and undisturbed by fears  
Close nightly after prayer the well spent day,  
Then shall my valley be no vale of tears,  
But a spot sun lit by a pure mand's ray.

## X

And ah ! if she whom my fond spirit woos  
By lawn and woodland, by fresh stream and grot,  
Would share these joys, an ever present Muse,  
What king could boast so doubly blest a lot ?

‘ *Peisarum vi gui rege beator* ’

*Horace*

A YOUTH ONCE STRAY'D O'ER SHINING  
SANDS.

---

The busy race examine and explore  
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,  
With care collect what in their eyes excels,  
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells.

*Cowper.*

---

A youth once stray'd o'er shining sands,  
His heart was light as heart could be ;  
Castles he rais'd with childish hands,  
A spoil for the first coming sea.

He toil'd, if toil it were, among  
Dark rocks around, nor were they few ;  
But sea-weed o'er in tresses hung  
Conceal'd their jagged points from view.

Thoughtless he gather'd polish'd stones,  
Pebbles worn smooth, and speckled shells ;  
When unperceiv'd, with sullen moans,  
Sudden the Ocean round him swells.

Awhile he stands confus'd with fear :  
But on the waters closer flow :  
And as each billow breaks more near  
The fickle sands still moister grow.

In vain he rolls his anxious eyes ;  
 The facile slope where first he went  
 Has vanish'd, but at length he spies,  
 One hard retreat, a steep ~~ascent~~ <sup>descent</sup>.

Forward he runs with headlong speed,  
 Nor, in the deep sand plunging, stops,  
 \* Though the false rocks his steps impede  
 With weedy sides, and ragged tops.

Yet swift he flies in hopes to clasp  
 The only chance of safety left,  
 And scarce his un-used hands can grasp  
 The chinks by former strugglers reft.

Fear up the base and fell Despair  
 At first his fainting footsteps urge ;  
 Nor looks he down, for one slip there  
 Would plunge him in the boiling surge.

Now safer, and with wider room  
 The path each step becomes less steep,  
 Till flowers around begin to bloom,  
 And calm he looks upon the deep.

This simple tale a moral tells—  
 Stoop not to pick with idle hands  
 The worthless stones and hollow shells  
 That shine on Folly's faithless sands

\* Laterique mlis a refunditur alga.

Mark well the advancing waves, and mind  
The rocks with slippery weeds o'er cast :  
There are but very few who find  
The backward path in time at last.  
Or rather—never let your feet  
On that deceitful journey go :  
But wise, from Virtue's lofty seat  
Look on Temptation's gulf below.

LITTLE STANMORE, *May 1, 1840.*



## A LEGEND OF LUCIE HALL.

---

### PART 1ST.

---

What shall he have who slew the deer ?

His leathern hide and his horns to wear.

*Shakespear.*

---

A noble hall with its turreted wall  
Was the Baron of Lucie's home ;  
With a wide domain of hill and plain  
Where the wild stag loved to roam.

'Twas a lordly place that Baron's Chase,  
As ever eye might see :  
But the fairest spot was where the spring shot  
From the roots of the hawthorn tree.

Far from the wood alone it stood  
Nor other shrub was near,  
But the trickling rill for ever still  
Flowed out from it fresh and clear.

Like molten glass the stream would pass  
From under the sheltering bough :  
Yet the village maid shrank back afraid  
Though the wave flow'd calm as now:

For old men said that the forms of the dead  
    Along the brink would glance  
When the moon-light fell in the haunted well,  
    And the fairies come there to dance.

I know not in sooth if they spoke the truth,  
    But beasts of the field, 'twas sung,  
And the birds of the air who drank but there  
    Might speak with the human tongue.

'Twas there one day a dying stag lay,  
    (And near him a panting hound)  
His dappled side was full in the tide  
    Where he fell with his latest bound.

The Baron and femme, a courtly dame,  
    And guest and page were near :  
And the green hills round gave back the sound  
    Of the hunter's merry cheer.

The foamy fleck on the courser's neck,  
    His wild and starting eye,  
His mane all dank, and his heaving flank  
    Told the hard chase gone by :

Of the steep hill prest without a rest,  
    The stream over which he flew,  
How his feet did spurn the trampled fern  
    That in the far vallies grew.

On the deer's breast knelt a verger drest  
In garb of Lincoln green :  
And his bugle wound a full clear sound,  
The death note 'twas, I ween.

Then drawing his knife to take the life  
He paus'd, and thus quoth he—  
“ My Lord, if it please, this hart of grease  
“ Should fall by none but Thee ”

To his merry men quoth Lord Lucie then—  
“ 'Tis fitly said and done ;  
“ Full many a mile in gallant style  
“ This noble stag has run :

“ 'Twas earliest morn when hound and horn  
“ Up-rous'd him from the vale ;  
“ And the sun stood high in the middle sky  
“ Ere his speed began to fail.

“ Through grassy vale and woodland dale,  
“ And over the rising hill,  
“ By stream and grot to this haunted spot  
“ We have followed him stoutly still.

“ But the strong and the fast give in at last,  
“ And the fleetest foot must flag—  
“ Bring hither the cup, and fill it up :—  
“ I drink to the gallant stag.”—

Lord Lucie laugh'd as the Rhenish he quaff'd,

And "oft as a boy" quoth he

"I have heard it said that the forms of the dead

"Are seen by this hawthorn tree.

"That here the elves sing in their magic ring,

"When night rides o'er hill and glen :

"And the beasts that drink from the waters' brink

"May speak with the voice of men.

"By my plighted troth I ever was loath

"To believe what I did not see,

"But willing and soon would I grant the boon,

"Could this stag ask his life of me."

The verger in fear crept off the deer,

And slunk behind the crowd ;

The Baronness too more palid grew,

While the nobles laugh'd aloud.

"Oh say not so" she cried "or woe

"On our heads you may call ;

"For the fairies ban on that bold man

"Who doubts their might will fall."

The Page bent knee, and "my Lord" quoth he

"For fear the charm be stirr'd

"And issue forth to work in wrath

"Recall that hasty word !"

But who may tell what terror fell  
On each motionless form around ;  
For scarce had been spoke this idle joke,  
When starting from the ground,

With eye of fire, and breathing ire  
The noble stag replied,  
(And sad was the word for those who heard)  
Then laid him down and died—

“ Thy power and boast are vain and lost,  
“ My spirit thou can’st not stay ;  
“ For never more could you restore  
“ The life I lose to-day.

“ My soul must part from this breaking heart.  
“ And all will be quiet soon .  
“ But never would I for fresh life sigh,  
“ If I begg’d it of thee a boon.

“ Was there nothing to plead at my utmost need  
“ Ere this hard day began,  
“ For the joys thy sport has broken short,  
“ Thou hard and cruel man ?

“ Not my strength and grace, the pride of thy Chase,  
“ The speed with which I sped .  
“ My meek blue eye, my antlers high,  
“ The harmless life I led ?

- “ Even now my soul out of thy controul  
    “ Is mingling with air as free ;  
“ But if ever a deer should again fall here  
    “ Thy victim shall speak like me.
- “ And dying at length I leave my strength  
    “ To the oaks where I was born ,  
“ My courage and rage are thine, young Page,  
    “ Yon bloodhound has my scorn—
- “ Whatever of fear—this verger here  
    “ Who lacks it not may keep .  
“ To this haunted well where my last bound felt  
    “ The dying tears I weep
- “ To the viewless wind I leave behind  
    “ My swiftness as fleet and free ;  
“ To thy high-born bride I leave my pride,  
    “ And my horns, proud Baron, to Thee .”

## *A LEGEND OF LUCIE HALL.*

---

### PART 2D.

---

The quiet air blows where the hawthorn grows  
As it blew in the days of yore ·  
And forth from the ground where the shade falls round  
The glass-like waters pour.

The stag's bones still lie by the rill,  
Though since that chase he ran,  
Ten years are sped, the vergers dead,  
The little page grown a man—

But the Lord of all proud Lucie's hall  
And covert and stream and tree,  
With his wide domain of hill and plain—  
Oh ! tell me where is he ?

And where the bride who by his side  
Unto the chase rode forth,  
When the brave stag fell by the haunted well.  
And his charm'd voice died in wrath ?

Oh ! foul disgrace to her high-born race,  
And shame on her children fall !  
For she has fled from him she wed  
To a neighbouring Baron's hall.

Still many a day Lord Lucie lay,  
Nor utter'd a word or moan :  
But oft by night in the pale moon-light  
Would he wander forth alone.

Towards the rill his footsteps still  
Unconsciously were bent :  
And over the stream in waking dream  
On the hawthorn bough he leant.

From far and near on his listless ear  
Wild sounds of sad import  
Like the swelling note of a horn would float  
When the hunters follow their sport.

And the villagers said their forms the dead  
To his vacant eye reveal'd,  
While again in the air was acted there  
That gallantly hunted field.

'Twas there he nurs'd his bitter thirst  
Of vengeance oft till morn,  
Till one sad day from the chase astray  
His foe was thither borne.

With a fiery glance from his gloomy trance  
Up-sprang Lord Lucie then—  
“ Ha ! hast Thou come to meet thy doom,  
“ The Lion in his den ?



“ Last night I swore ere a week was o’er

“ To sup in thy Father’s hall,

“ Where he should wait as I sate in state

“ With my trusty followers all.

“ Then when the cup was fill’d merrily up,

“ And thou slain by her side,

“ Thy blood should be pour’d on the festal board—

“ ’Tis thus I would claim my bride.—

“ But since Thou’rt here, Deceiver, fear

“ What Thon to me hast been ;

“ For ere we part thy stricken heart

“ Or mine shall stain the green.”

He said ; and forth his sword in wrath

From out its scabbard lept :

And with a blow the feather low

From his foe’s cap was swept

The plume, close-shorn, on the wind was borne

A moment ere it fell,

With a ripple round, but not a sound,

In the waters of the well.

The blood in his cheek was swift to speak

That rival Baron’s shame :

At his mark of scoff he vaulted off

His steed with an eye of flame.

" 'Tis well, proud Peer, that we meet here :

    " For the vengeance you had sought

" On my Father's hall may be wreak-ed all

    " On me for the wrong I wrought :

" If wrong it be from thy thrall to free

    " A heart that was never thine

" 'Twere just thy wrath should issue forth

    " On me and not on mine.

" For the oath you've sworn, and the plume you've shorn

    " From my bonnet that waved on high,

" Taking my stand, thus, hand to hand,

    " This sword is my reply."

Their weapons met (and even yet

    Their wishes had the start

By that lone rill where all was still

    Save the passions in either heart)

Fierce was the fight, the wrath, the might,

    Of those two rival lords :

Right thick and well their quick blows fell ;

    The fire flash'd from their swords.

Long rag'd the strife for death or life,

    (For both had gained the prize

Of high renown) ha ! one is down—

    'Tis Lucie's Lord who dies !

Woe worth the day of that fell fray,  
    And the bloody fruit it bore,  
Since widow'd wife that fatal strife  
    And orphan child deplore !

For Lucie's heir soon gathering there  
    His followers bold and true,  
Slew at his board that rival lord,  
    'Tis said, the lady too.

Then many a knight in either right  
    Fell fighting sword in hand ,  
And never before did such a war  
    Lay waste that merry land.

'Twere long to tell what luck befell  
    The feuds when e'er they met ;  
But the best blood pour'd from self and lord  
    On the red grass waving wet.

Till one dark night when the Heav'ns light  
    Was veil'd from the earth, there came  
A foeman band with sword and brand  
    And Lucie wrapp'd in flame.

In wild amaze to fly the blaze  
    , In vain the inmates tried ;  
For those who fled from fire o'erhead,  
    By sword and arrow died.

But one bursts through that murderous crew—  
 His steed is black as night—  
 The red flames gleam on his locks that stream  
 Thro' the air on his onward flight—

His sword is gilt with the red blood spilt  
 Of the foes who cross his rage—  
 The arrows rain round him in vain—  
 He is safe, that gallant Page !

*	*	i	*	i
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*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	

The draw-bridge chain with rust and rain  
 Time-worn is snapt in two :  
 Where the broken door is closed no more  
 The hollow winds sigh through.—

In the chilly gloom of the bridal room  
 Flit bats with their leathern wings—  
 The owl's retreat is the lonely beat  
 Where the warder no longer sings.

The moon shines through where the roof-tree grew,—

The banquet hall is bare—

And the shatter'd wall of Lucie hall

Is left without an heir.

---

## SIR LUCIE BLIGH.

(*A continuation of the Legend of Lucie Hall*)

---

One summer morn when golden dawn  
    Had saffron'd all the sky,  
And from her nest the lark, Heav'n's guest,  
    Was warbling up on high,

Upon the green a troop was seen  
    In scarf and plume array'd,  
With sword and spear fast pricking near,  
    A glittering cavalcade.

The clear sun shone in light upon  
    Their casques as they advanc'd,  
The troopers sung, their brill'es wrung,  
    Their coursers proudly pranc'd.

Their flags unfoll'd in many a fold  
    Were rustling in the air :  
The mace hung low from the saddle-bow,  
    The lance was gleaming bare.

In front a knight (his armour bright  
    And golden spurs proclaim  
His rank and state) a jennet sate ;  
    That knight was one of fame.

For on his shield in azure field  
    An eagle soaring high  
From his spoil'd nest at once confess'd  
    The bold Sir Lucie Bligh.

His face and hair had once been fair,  
    The one was tinged with gray—  
His lofty brow was sun-burnt now,  
    In toil and battle-fray

His frame was slight, yet strength and might  
    Were blent with ease and grace ;  
And in his mien perchance was seen  
    Some thirty summer's trace

A squire and page of tender age  
    Shared glove and helmet's lord  
Whilst at his side in beauty's pride  
    A lovely lady rode.

O'er all the ground his eye rov'd round,  
    As if to seek a spot  
Once known before, through time and war  
    And tempest half forgot.

It seem'd in vain : for on the plain  
    Was nought to bring to mind,  
Nor hall nor bower, nor castle tower,  
    The scene long left behind.

If such there were when he was there,  
No more he sees them now—  
One hand was prest within his breast,  
The other on his brow.—

From out his men he beckon'd then  
His page, and thus he cried,  
“ Go ask with grace how call'd this place—  
“ To yonder cottage ride.”

Right good to see was the mirthful glee  
Of the boy as forth he sped ;  
A noble air on his visage fair  
With the beauty of youth was shed.

“ Yon knight, good dame, would know the name  
“ Bestow'd upon this place ;  
“ My Lord” quoth she, and bent her knee,  
“ Men call it Lucie chase.”

When the knight heard that well-known word  
He made his men stand still,  
And with none beside his lady bride  
Rode gently o'er the hill.

No rein they draw for a mile or more,  
Till a trickling stream they see,  
O'er whose well-head the branches spread  
Of a lonely hawthorn tree.



The knight's eye bent o'er the wave, intent  
 On byc gone thoughts awhile,  
 Then pressing the hand of his lady and  
 With a kind yet mournful smile

"My Amy dear" quoth he "'twas here  
 " Full twenty years ago  
 " The hunting sword of Lucie's Lord  
 " A gallant stag laid low

" A lady fair as yourself was there,  
 " His former page you see  
 " And a mustel-kind as you may find  
 " That Baron was to me

" Woe worth the time when his castle chime  
 " Rang out to the fens beneath—  
 " By your ashy cheek you have heard me speak  
 " Of that scene of blood and death

" But to night in song (for the tale is long  
 " And sad) shall my minstrell tell  
 " At the festal board, how Lucie's lord  
 " The stag and the Lady fell

" That deadly night when the sky was alight  
 " With the sickly glare of flame,  
 " I burst from the hall through the murder~~er's~~<sup>er</sup> all,  
 " With nought but my sword and name.

‘ Since then in strife ten years of life

“ Have I pass’d on the tented plain,

“ In the pomp and pride of the fierce war tide,

“ Mid the slaying and the slain :

“ Till once in a rout we turn’d about,

“ Forc’d the shouting foe to yield,

“ And I won from the hand of the king of the land.

“ My spurs on the battle field.

“ By my Father’s sword and the blood I have pour’d

“ A knightly name have I—

“ And dearer far than his fame in war,

“ The bride of Lucie Bligh.

“ Yes! twenty years since the dying tears

“ Of that wonderous stag were shed

“ Have slowly wound their circle round

“ O’er Lord and hunter dead !

“ Now ten pounds good I swear by the rood

“ Each year from my land shall be given

“ To the monks for a mass to be sung which shall pass

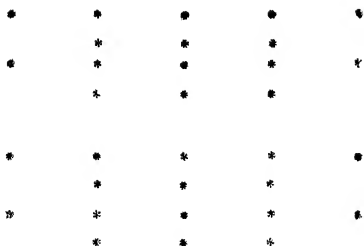
“ The souls of the gone to Heaven.

“ And my Amy dear we will build up here

“ A stone which shall tell for aye

“ How the brave stag fell by the haunted well

“ To all who pass this way.”



Full many an age on history's page  
 Has passed, yet you may see  
 Where under the hill the stream flows still  
 By the stump of an hawthorn tree,

A broken cross o'er-grown with moss  
 And a legend to tell the tale ;  
 Though the hand of Time has marr'd the rhyme  
 'Tis the cross of Lucie Vale !

LINCOLN'S INN, *August 1st, 1840.*

## THE MOAT AND GRAVE.

---

[A pretty walk across the fields, rather more than a mile in length, leads from my home to a spot called *Old Church*, where one grave, and but one, is left to mark the plot formerly the Parish burying ground. Two dwarf fir trees grow, one at either extremity of the stone which has no inscription on its surface; but upon the edges is written "Heare lyeth the body of Baptyste Willoughby Gent. 50 yeares incumbent of this Parishes, who deceased Jan. 22, 1610, aged 75." On the left as you face the west, is the moat which formerly surrounded some Saxon or Norman Castle.]

Come, if you love a Summer's evening walk,  
And I will lead you to a hallow'd spot,  
Scarce known, where we may meditate and talk  
Of might un-chronicled, high worth forgot,  
And Virtue unremark'd, the common lot—  
Nay when the skies hang cloudless over head,  
Why should sad thoughts be conjured up to blot  
The fairness of this scene where spring has shed —  
Hush! and tread lightly friend—we stand above the dead.

### II.

No turret built to swing the merry chime  
Of pealing bells upon each festive day,  
Tells by its ruin there was once a time  
When the near villagers came here to pray.  
No chisell'd epitaphs in mockery say  
Where the rich noble's ashes may be found;  
Nor the repose of poor men's humbler clay  
By rhyming rail is mark'd, nor swelling mound :  
But smooth as velvet lawn the grassy turf lies round !

## III

Yet mark between these dwarfish firs a stone  
 Which heedless passengers full seldom scan—  
 Crack'd and secured with clamps, with moss o'er grown  
 It rests on what was once a holy man.  
 For fifty years his quiet course he ran,  
 The village pastor here, each Sabbath morn,  
 Whilst he fill'd up the measure of his span,  
 He preach'd until with length of days out-worn  
 He died, and by his flock to this lone spot was borne

## IV.

Doubtless not lonely then—but when the Land  
 Was bound in chains for guilt, and given a spoil  
 To the \*Destroyer's stern fanatic hand,  
 Church and the sacred honours of its soil  
 Fell at the trumpet blast of civil Broil—  
 Yet He who gave the power, had power to save,  
 So when men ceas'd from their un holy toil,  
 O'er one alone these trees were left to wave, [grave.  
 † And drop each year their cones upon the good man's

## V.

Turn we to watch the lily-flowers that float  
 Spanning the stagnant waters where of old  
 The massy draw-bridge arch'd the threat'ning moat  
 When deeper streams then warlike current roll'd !

\* Oliver Cromwell

† βάλλει δέ καὶ ἁ πίτυς νύμφος κώνου

*Theocritus.*

Yes ! in that little space (within their fold  
 Now fragrant hay thatch'd o'er with brittle straw  
 Secure from browsing herds condemn'd to hold)  
 The skies long since a mighty castle saw,  
 When Barons in their hall gave to their vassals law.

## VI.

Rapine, in earliest days, and mail-clad Force  
 Were screen'd from vengeance by its sheltering wall :  
 Hence sped upon their devastating course  
 Battle, and Murder shrouded in his pall.  
 Here the unransom'd Captive wept his fall—  
 Wassail, in after times, with song and toast  
 Kept his late revel in the scutcheon'd hall,  
 Whilst Beauty smil'd upon a silken host—  
 No rack of all its strength the fabric now can boast.

## VII.

Strange tales are told by crone and grey-hair'd sire  
 (Nor new, they say, in their own infant days)  
 To children crowding round the Christmas fire,  
 Of lights that flicker with uncertain blaze  
 Above the moat—of forms in spectral haze  
 Seen wand'ring nightly there for bad desert—  
 Silent, the rustics, yet with curious gaze,  
 Even by day the farthest limits skirt—  
 \* So superstition guards what Time has left un-hurt !

\* Jam tum religio pavidos terreat agrestes  
 Diraloci.

## VIII

Said I not well then 'twas a spot to bring  
 Sadd'ning reflections, winged thoughts that burn ;  
 Memorics that haunt the place from whence they spring?  
 But from this lonely grave-stone, ere we turn,  
 And moated space a lesson let us learn—  
 For men must know the Future by the past—  
 ' A lasting record piety will earn,  
 ' When low in dust Honour and strength are cast'—  
 Homeward ! The misty dews around are rising fast.

\* ἐγείρεσθε, ἀγρυμνεντες

*St. John.*

## LOVE'S DEATH.

---

Love was ever a deceiver ;  
Yet before his beauteous shine  
Kneeleth many a true-believer  
Worshipping the mock divine.  
With the bosom's fittal fever  
Long since such a lot was mine.

### II.

Then to me with sighs confessing  
My vows to worse than empty air  
The faithless rogue kept still professing  
That he had listen'd to my prayer :  
But cheated me without redressing —  
Love was ever false and fair !

### III.

Till one day my vigils keeping,  
Wandering moody and alone,  
By chance behind a wild rose peeping  
I spied the god—his fair limbs thrown  
Beneath the leaves and briars sleeping—  
I clasp'd and thought him all my own.



## IV

Ah ! sad mischance for all his minions,  
He begg'd me with such diamond tears  
When I would fain have clipp'd his pinions  
To take compassion on his years,  
I gave him back to his dominions  
Unscath'd, to laugh at all my fears

## V

Once by a stream in summer shower  
I caught him as he leapt to land  
I row'd out his boat of lotus flower  
And trieth bound him foot and hand—  
He begg'd not then but spurn'd my power,  
For I had woven ropes of sand

## VI

Yet once again in halls of pleasure  
Where lamps cast soften'd rays around,  
Where fair blows wreath'd in gems of treasure  
Glanc'd, and to music's dulcet sound  
Swift feet tripp'd in luxurious measure  
The rosy little youth I found

## VII

Twice foil'd before, I paus'd reflecting  
Lest Love again should scape me whole—  
A brimming cup of wine selecting,  
Near him with noiseless steps I stole,  
Seized on my victim unsuspecting,  
And drown'd him headlong in the bowl

## VIII.

Maidens ! beware when sweet words spoken  
 Woo you in dream like hours to wed—  
 Reject Love's counterfeited token ;  
 'Tis some imposter in his stead  
 Would lead you where the shrine lies broken :  
 His reign is o'er : Young Love is dead.

SLANTRIPANT, *September 6, 1840.*

[I need scarcely inform my readers that this little poem is written in imitation, of ANACREON. In the 6th ode they will find much of the imagery. Andrus Naegecius has an Epigram in which Love is bound with flowers but the whole is so Anacreontic that I am induced to transcribe it.

Florantes dum forte vagans mei Hyella per hortos  
 Texit odoratis filia canisosis  
 Lece' rosis inter latitantes n' venit Amorem  
 Et simul annexis floribus implicuit  
 Luctatur primo et contra intentibus ipsis  
 Indomitus tentat solvere vincula Pueri.  
 Mox ubi la teclas et dignas matre papillas  
 Vidit, et ora ipsos nata movere Deos,  
 Impositos que comæ ambrosios ut sentit odores,  
 Quosque legit diti mense beatus Arabs,  
 " I" dixit, " mea, quare, novum tibi, mater Amorem  
 " Imperio sedes hæc erit apta meo "

---

## *SHE SAT BESIDE THE COTTAGE DOOR.*

---

[A custom prevails in Wales of strewing the winding sheet of persons lately deceased with heaths and flowers. One Sunday as I was going to Church I entered a cottage and saw the sear-cloths of a young girl who had died of consumption covered after this fashion in fanciful devices.]

---

Oh ! let the herbs I loved to rear  
Give to my sense then perfum'd breath  
Let them be placed around my bier,  
And grace the gloomy hour of death

*The Sisters—Crabbe—*

---

She sat beside the cottage door,  
A creature young and fair ;  
The evening breeze just fan'd her brow,  
And wav'd her yellow hair.

There flush'd across her wasted cheek  
A bright and hectic bloom :  
The blushing of a youthful bride  
Affianced to the tomb.

She gaz'd out on the sunny flowers  
Fast closing with the day ;  
Rear'd by her care, and of her lot  
A fitting emblem they.

Her mother sate beside her chair  
And read to her the while ;  
And as she heard the sacred word  
'Twas sweet to see her smile.

One hand that Mother clasp'd, and one  
Her sire, an aged man ;  
'Twas fairer than the whitest snow,  
But oh ! how thin and wan.

No vain desires had fill'd her breast,  
Nor passion ere had mov'd,  
Nor cold deceit had chill'd her hopes,  
For she had never lov'd.

Yes—loving from her earliest days  
One narrow path she trod,  
And all her holy spirit gave  
And all herself to God.

And as I gazed she seem'd too pure  
For this world's tainted breath ;  
And yet methought she was too young  
Too beautiful for death.

'Two months flew by, and once again  
I sought that cottage door :  
'Twas open, but that fair girls' form  
Was seated there no more.

Awhile I paus'd in anxious hope  
For sounds to still my fears,  
Then stooping enter'd in and saw  
A scene of woe and tears.

For there upon a lowly couch  
A simple coffin laid  
Told me that this world's scene had clos'd  
On that young gentle maid.

Fresh flowers of every varied hue  
And chains of purple heath  
Upon the winding sheet were strown,  
Sad mockery of death.

And the old couple sate and gazed  
Upon the fading clay  
Of her their child, their elder child  
Whose soul had pass'd away.

They wept : but as I turn'd to leave  
A little playful child  
Crawling beside his sister's corse  
Look'd up at me, and smiled.

The custom of ornamenting the dead with flowers seems to have obtained from the very earliest ages. See *Iliad* σ. 352 Lucian tom. II. p. 927 describes the dead as adorned *ωραιῶς ἀνθεσιν*. See also Paschal de Coron. p. 225 Ruins of Palmyra p. 22 Relig. Cerem : v. 7. p. 117. Who does not remember Queen Katherine in Henry VIIIth.

———When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be used with honour, strew me o'er  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave

So too the corpse of the shepherd Chrysostom in Don Quixote.

## CONSCIENCE.

---

Oh ! yes ! There is a Spirit pure and bright  
Amid the weakness of our mortal natures  
Which cannot all be hush'd ! Its " still small voice"  
*Will* speak, and most in sickness or in grief,  
When sorrow weighs down the immortal mind,  
Bending or breaking the material form —  
Its tones though low, are powerful <sup>to</sup> teach,  
To tell of the Hereafter. It will soothe, upbraid,  
Call up remorse or pleasure, joy or woe,  
Cause tears or smiles, repentance, sighs, groans, prayers,  
According as the Past on Memory's page  
Has written most of good or evil days.  
And it has power, so it be not check'd,  
To save from peril, when the weak flesh droops  
And quails at evil with mysterious dread.  
In every age, in every clime, alike  
Ubiquitous, eternal, without change.

Yes ! conscience springs in Childhood's earliest hour  
Grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength,  
And cannot all be silenc'd—This it is  
That prompts the Infant long ere judgment dawns,  
On the sweet Sabbath list the Preacher's voice,—  
Hence the glad urchin, in the rustic porch,  
Checks his rude merriment, he knows not why,  
When first the chiming village bells proclaim  
In tuneful peal the morning hour of prayer.

Yes ! it may slumber, but it never dies—  
Years shall roll past, its voice perchance is hush'd,  
While man in all the circumstance of greatness  
Forgets his natural insignificance ;  
Nor recollects how very brief his stay  
Upon this stage—The very trees he plants,—  
The walls he builds—creations of his will,  
All shall survive him—speechless herbs and stones !

Yes ! it may slumber while in thoughtless youth  
Or worthless manhood, each usurps the soul,  
Ambition, Pride, Prosperity, Success,  
Pleasure, or crime—but it *will* wake at last.  
When age has chill'd the hey-day of the blood,  
Or in adversity the spirit sinks,  
When slow disease hath broke the stalwart frame,  
Or in the silent chambers of the sick,  
When the mind totters on the abyss of Death,  
The voice of Conscience to the guilty ear  
In stillly piercing tones more terrible  
Than the loud thunder-clap of the o'ercharged skies,  
Recounts each folly, tells each separate vice,  
Heaps a fresh horror on each long pass'd crime,  
Calls up each guilty hour—and, what he fears,  
Scares away hope, and bids the sufferer die—  
Or it descends from Heav'n's most high recess  
With healing on its seraph wing to cure  
The broken Spirit, and in tones more musical  
Than the harmonious voices of the spheres,  
It whispers comfort, tells of each good deed,



Robb'd by humility of half its worth,  
As the dim shadow of advancing eve  
Takes somewhat from the garish light of day  
It gives self-praise, the good man's worthiest meed  
Lifting the expectant soul from things of earth  
On shining wings of promise to the skies.

Methinks I once have heard that Conscience  
Must like a bashful maid be woo'd and won ;  
Neglected she will pine but speak not. This I know—  
A little impulse often will suffice  
To move vast bodies—frequent have I seen  
A smooth small pebble cast by infant hands  
Into the bosom of some glassy lake,  
Move the whole surface—first a tiny round  
Of dancing waters marks the broken deep—  
Still each successive circlet wider grows,  
Round unging each in quick rotation round,  
Till the last widest on the margin breaks  
In mimic waves——  
Thus by some impulse as the ocean serves,  
Slight though it be, the slumbering Conscience wakes :  
At first with scarcely power to mark the vice  
Long practised—then with energies increas'd  
And still increasing she draws off the cloak  
And painted mask of crime, till shuddering Man  
Looks back with horror on the hideous Idol  
Naked, exposed in all its hollowness.

LITTLE STANMORE, *October 1, 1836.*

‘ SAY IF AN ANGEL’S WING.’

---

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen ; both when we wake and when we sleep.

*Milton.*

---

Say if an angel’s wing  
Brush’d for a moment past your cheek,  
His trumpet-tongue subdued to speak  
In silvery whispering

Of warning or of prayer,  
Or if the sensible eye might see  
The glorious God-like mystery  
Reveal’d and shining bare,

While on the flowery brink  
Of Pleasure’s burning lake you stood  
Ready to plunge you in the flood,  
Would you not pause and shrink ?

Then trust me, tho’ not seen  
A host of guardian spirits floats  
All countless as the noon-day moats  
Us and the moon between :

Such as the Patriarch Sire,  
Outcast, saw by the way in dream,  
Ascending and descending stream  
From Heav’n, a Heavenly choir.

Why then if that could still  
The passionate sea our breasts within  
And banish sorrow, crime, and sin,  
And all the Powers of Ill,

Doth not the God of Light  
Oft make his angel voices heard  
By men, and open with a word  
Their forms to mortal sight ?

Nay ; for the heart of man  
Is of such stockish stubborn kind  
That tho' if we no more were blind  
We possibly might start,

And for awhile repent  
When first to our material eye  
In all its awful majesty  
The Messenger was sent :

Yet, once familiar grown,  
It would not check our course an hour  
Though every Prince, Dominion, Power,  
And Potentate, and Throne,

Each kingdom of the Sky,  
Angels, Archangels, Cherubim,  
And hosts of flaming Seraphim  
Were with us constantly.

We who God's holy writ  
In all its luminous fullness spurn,  
Grossly rebellious, should we turn,  
Tho' from the sulphurous pit

One who had passed the grave  
To suffer, as we must, below,  
Sin's endless penalty of woe  
Arose to warn and save ?

Yet tho' we may not see  
On earth the sons of God appear,  
Do we not every moment hear  
Their words of sympathy ?

Not in the Spheral song—  
Not in the tones with which the stars  
Sing to each other while their cars  
Of fire are hurrying on—

Not in the thunder peals—  
Nor in the sounding Ocean swells—  
Nor murmurings of hollow shells—  
Nor in the breath which steals

Through summer leaves like moans,  
Quivering through all the hill-side trees—  
In founts nor brooks—tho' all of these  
Are strange mysterious tones—

But in that silent voice  
Which Men call Conscience, when we stand,  
Evil and good on either hand,  
Uncertain in our choice.

For somewhat too divine  
For our fall'n nature seems to brood  
Spirit ! who always speak'st for good,  
In that sweet voice of thine.

Who is there then dare say  
Angels walk not with men below ?  
The stars keep on their way although  
We see them not by day.

Knowledge, great Power's queen  
Would dwindle, pine, nay die, should we  
Confine belief to what we see,\*  
Excluding things unseen.

And yet, if false indeed,  
He of all men will be most blest,  
He will know least of sad un-rest,  
Whose *faith* is in this creed.

\* And all is trash which reason cannot reach.

*Courper.*

## THE ROMAN ENCAMPMENT.

---

[Within half a mile of my home are three Roman forts crowning a line of hills upon the old St. Alban's road. They were probably erected by Ostorius Scapula, (who reduced the counties Northward of the Thames,) as out-posts to the Military Station at Verulanum. They are reckoned very perfect specimens. Many of my friends will no doubt remember them, for a stroll to the Roman Encampment used to be one of the most favourite walks with the family at Edgeware].

Lo ! what a vision ! There beneath me lies  
The Roman armament in all its pride !  
Long tented lines in measur'd order rise,  
And streets exact between, the whole divide.  
There in the spacious centre spreading wide,  
And loftier than the rest, the canvass wall  
That bounds the General's home—on either side  
Quæstor's and Prætor's circling curtains fall,  
That for the treasure ; this for justice' sacred call.\*

### II.

Conspicuous next in order as in rank  
Tented, the military Tribunes lie :  
Then hosts compact stretch out to either bank  
Where the fix'd eagles gaze upon the sky ;

\* I believe this will be found in pretty accurate accordance with Roman castro-metation.

Without the wall two bands contending ply  
 Their friendly arms ; upon the sward supine  
 Some sleep in mid-day sun—here swiftly fly  
 The well-cast quoits—Some quaff their Samnian wine\*  
 In the deep shade—there, spears and glancing helmets shine.

## III.

Sudden the guard's slow-measur'd pace falls still ;  
 His straining eyes are fix'd upon a steed  
 Whose reeling steps scarce bear him up the hill ;  
 The wildly starting eye, the flanks that bleed  
 The sobbing breath bespeak his hard-urged speed—  
 Swift runs the signal—' Arm ! their British swarms  
 ' On us once more the island chieftains lead—  
 ' Trumpets ! ring forth your brazen-tongu'd alarms—  
 † ' To arms—up, with the standards, up ! To arms ! To arms !'

## IV.

Idler and wassailer and sleeper start  
 Each from his rest—Their eager swords flash bright ,  
 For tones like these ne'er fail'd to rouse the heart  
 Of generous Roman with the love of fight—

\* Samnian was a rough coarse wine, much in vogue with the lower military orders.

† Ferte uti ferrum, date tela, scandite muros  
 Hostis adest eia !

*Æneid.*

" Arm, arm ! it is it is the cannons opening roar

*Byron.*

In serried ranks they gather on the height  
 Stout, true, and fiery as the steel they wear,  
 Shielding their camp in folds of † triple might ;  
 High o'er their heads their banners wave in air,  
 While still as Death the rush of barbarous foes they dare.

## V.

Nor long suspense : for sullen murmurs reach  
 Their sense already, such as fishers hear  
 Of storm—toss'd waves lashing the stony beach  
 As homeward o'er the mid-night seas they steer—  
 Too sure war's purple tide is rolling near !  
 Closer that noise bursts like a thunder-peal,  
 Till from the forest depths it swells out clear,  
 The clanging weapon, and the rattling wheel—  
 Each Roman's tight'ning hand grasps firm his willing steel.

## VI.

On sweeps the enemy, a various route—  
 Naked and fierce they rush on to the war,  
 Like vultures to their prey, fore scenting out  
 The carnage ; with one universal roar  
 From the far rear to painted Chieft before  
 Forth bursts the shout, a wild tumultuous sound,—  
 Forward their lines of scythe-arm'd chariots pour—  
 Their clubs high-brandish'd, up the hill they bound,  
 They join ; and Battle rides triumphant o'er the ground.

*ingenti clamore per omnes*

*Conducunt se Teucri portas et mœnia complent.*

*Æn :*

† Alluding to the order of the Roman legion, *hastati, principes, Triarii :*



## VII.

'Tis past—and nothing but a marshy pond  
Clasp'd by a lofty wall of grass remains—  
The other side the woods wave far beyond,  
This sloping runs away in verdant plains—  
Each year the creeping bulrush somewhat gains  
On the moist stream which hill or spring supplies :  
And o'er the whole perpetual silence reigns,  
Except as now some stately heron rise  
And point his solemn flight far westward thro' the skies.

LITTLE STANMORE, *April*, 1840.

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## A D R E A M.

---

Never lady's glass  
Its owner flatter'd with so smooth a cheat.  
*Dr. Beaumont's Psyche.*

---

As Love one summer eve was straying '  
Who should he see at that soft hour  
But young Minerva gravely playing  
Her flute within an olive bower.  
Quick from the lips it made so odious  
That graceless flute the goddess took,  
And while yet fill'd with breath melodious,  
Flung it into the glassy brook ;  
Where as its vocal life was fleeting  
Adown the current, faint and shrill,  
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,  
' Woman, alas ! vain woman still.'

*Moore.*

---

Stretch'd on a moss-grown bank methought I lay  
Where mortal foot had never trod before ;  
Nor scarce less fair the scene than that which they  
Who sinn'd the first before their fall rov'd o'er :  
So sweet the odour, and so soft the light,  
So clear the waters, and the flowers so bright.

## II.

A roseate hue had flush'd o'er all the sky,  
 And music not of earth was floating round  
 From the bright flower-bells it seemed to sigh  
 Streams trees in unison gave back the sound,  
 As though a voice in each dumb leaf had grown,  
 And every ripple spoke a silver tone.

## III

A sudden warmth suffus'd its genial glow  
 O'er all the garden, and the gay parterse  
 Above whose shrubs the sunny breeze crept low  
 Grew on the instant fairer and more fair,  
 While scents of dewy fragrance o'er the whole  
 From rose and pink and blue-eyed violet stole.

## IV

Then three such forms as only dreams display  
 Came hand in hand around whose path a light  
 Shining more fully than the middle day  
 Was shed intensely beautifully bright  
 No motion danc'd upon their feet, but still  
 They glided forward like a waveless rill

## V.

She in the centre wore a golden zone  
 Clasping her waist—her breast and shoulders bare  
 Whiter and clearer than the Parian stone\*  
 Were scarcely shadow'd by her yellow hair.

\* Splendentis Pario marmore purius

There in her beauty and her cinctur'd vest  
At once the goddess Venus stood confest.

## VI.

Deck'd in a garb of every rainbow dye  
    With silver bells that tinkled as they danc'd,  
Nodding from her tall crimson cap on high  
    Young Folly down the path of light advanc'd,  
And ever as her chiming wand she rear'd  
Figures fantastic round as dreams appear'd.

## VII.

The other whose black hair was trebly wound [mix'd,  
    In wreaths where gems and flowers and leaves were  
Her vestments too with garlands loop'd and bound,  
    Came on—'Twas Vanity ! Her eyes she fix'd  
Upon a mirror in her hand the while,  
Nor blush'd to see her own reflected smile.

## VIII.

Sudden methought the vision seem'd less clear—  
    Their forms half mingling with the sky's deep blue  
Faded away—and as they press'd more near  
    More indistinct their shadowy outline grew,  
Till into one they melted and a fair  
Young woman of this Earth stood smiling there.

## TO K. B. ON HER MARRIAGE.

---

Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.

*Burns.*

---

You bade me strike a strain of pleasure  
Respondent to the joys *you* feel ;  
Yet forth in what a mournful measure  
These melancholy numbers steal :  
Gleams of the future now revealing  
Your path with every joy bestrown  
Force me with all too selfish feeling  
Look back and think upon mine own.

### II.

And happiest far my memory numbers  
Those which you know were pure and fair ;  
Bright visions of my childhood's slumbers  
Before my spirit woke to care .  
\* When Fancy all her votaries decking  
In quaint disguise held courtly sway,  
And Frolic ruled without repressing  
Thoughts which but kindled for a day.

\* In allusion to certain charades which our Christmas party used to act in the hospitable mansion of L——e.

## III.

These dear remembrances still thronging  
    In busy troops come thick and fast,  
And wake a useless painful longing  
    For what has flown too quickly past.  
Yet when for Thee the song is swelling,  
    And each poor strain for thee I raise,  
Oh ! blame me not for not repelling  
    The scenes and thoughts of other days.

## IV.

You know not what a magic sweetness  
    By memory round those hours is cast  
Which makes me more regret the fleetness  
    With which too soon they hurried past.  
Like far off bells, whose distant ringing  
    Comes mellowed to the ear, they start  
Before my thoughts, their distance flinging  
    A quiet charm about the heart.

## V.

Would some prophetic power showing  
    The deep hereafter, bade me say  
That every purest joy is glowing  
    To greet Thee on thine onward way :  
And thus my busy fancy twining  
    The past and present, feign would look  
For pleasures in the future shining  
    Like pebbles in a glassy brook.

## VI.

But what the pinions of the morrow  
    May bear 't is not for man to see :  
Yet if kind wishes shield from sorrow  
    From my full heart they pour for Thee.  
' Be happy'—thus my prayers expressing  
    That which myself may never know  
Ascend for Thee : yet 'tis a blessing  
    To think and feel that Thou art so !

## VII.

Like a fresh coronal of flowers  
    May joys still bloom around thy brow,  
And in a peaceful stream thy hours  
    Flow ever smoothly on as now :  
By not one way ward ripple broken,  
    Unruffled by the breezy woes,  
Its margin grac'd with every token  
    Of happiness and calm repose.

## VIII.

May each day some new bliss revealing  
    Brighter than its fore-runner seem,  
Till age unseen unfelt come stealing  
    Upon thee like a pleasant dream.  
May the same Power thy sleep defending  
    From harm, thy waking moments bless ;  
And sunny smiles each morning sending,  
    Crown all thy wishes with success.

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

---

ἔξοιδ' ἀνὴρ ὧν χ' ὥτι τῆς ἐς αὐριον  
οὐδεν' πλῆον μοι σοῦ μέτεστιν ἡμέρας.

*Sophocles.*

---

Come to yon hawthorn hedge with me,  
And gently press the leaves aside,  
And take one stealthy peep to see  
The tiny fabric which they hide.

### 2.

'Tis pois'd upon that fork-ed twig,  
Securely hidden from the sight,  
And guarded round with many a sprig  
From sunny day and dewy night.

### 3.

To form this nest what various spots  
Were sought with busy toil and care ;  
The elm gave lichen, moss the grot,  
And floating thistle down, the air.

### 4.

Those feathers which the partridge left  
Upon the dewy bank at morn,  
And threads with a half-timid theft  
From the near cottage door were borne.



## 5.

Clover and hay and yellow straw  
 Were cull'd from out the time-worn stack,  
 \* With fleeces which the rude thorn tore  
 From the unconscious cattle's back.

## 6.

See too within the inmost down,  
 Where oft the mother's breast has lain,  
 Those little eggs of dusky brown  
 Splash'd o'er with many a crimson stain.

## 7.

How oft upon the top-most spray  
 As o'er her charge the mother sate  
 Her partner lov'd at break of day  
 To cheer with song his constant mate.

## 8.

And as the warbling shrill and clear  
 Upon the morning breeze would rise  
 Its pureness floated on the air  
 Like praise ascending to the skies

## 9.

Or oft he sought the neighbouring spring,  
 Or o'er the dewy fields would roam,  
 But quickly still return to bring  
 Food to the lone one left at home.

\* *σπάσασα κτησίον βοτῶν λάχνην.*

*Soph. Trach :*

## 10.

Oh ! think on, as you view the nest,  
The plastic art which plac'd it there,  
What toil it must have cost the breast  
That form'd it with such toil and care.

## 11.

And never may some wanton boy  
In cruel hour the secret know ,  
Why should the scene of so much joy  
Become the scene of so much woe ?

## 12.

Enough : replace the leaves, and now  
Before we go take one last peep,  
I would not break that slender bough  
For all the jewels of the deep.

## 13.

No ; for I feel, sweet bird, the Power  
Which form'd us both, meant you to share  
Unharm'd with me the present hour  
And blessings of the sun and air !

## *LINES WRITTEN IN LONELINESS.*

---

In the halls of the stranger I dream  
Of the land where I once used to roam  
And though distant, in fancy I seem  
Once more to be wand'ring at home !

### II.

Yes ! there is the spot where I play'd,  
The sward of the garden my bound,  
Yes ! there are the fields where I stray'd,  
And the same trees are growing around

### III.

Their green summer leaves scarcely shake  
To the breeze as it passes them by ;  
The sky is all clear, and the lake  
Is as clear and as calm as the sky

### IV.

The forms of my brothers are near,  
And I hear the wild shouts of their play,  
As they marshal with sword and with spear  
The well-mimick'd battle array.

## V.

I stroll by the ivy-clad pile  
Of Stanmore, and pause on the strand  
Where the waters of fair Elstree smile,  
The lake of my own father land.

## VI.

I pluck the wild flowers that grow  
On my path o'er the oft-trodden heath,  
And twine them for those who I know  
Will accept when I offer the wreath.

## VII.

I cross o'er the green fields of grass  
As 'tis sweet in one's boyhood to stray,  
When the villagers smile as you pass,  
And the cottager bids you good day.

## VIII.

Oh! would that my spirit might still  
Be away in the land of my youth.  
View the heather, the lake, and the hill,  
And imagine these fantasies truth.

## IX.

It may not—of these joys I am left;  
For alas! the sweet vision has flown;  
And I wake but to find myself left  
In the land of the stranger, alone!

## THE FORGET ME NOT.

---

Tho' from the web of life  
    Hope's silver thread be started,  
And Memory's page is rife  
    With the forms of the Departed  
'Tho' like a shatter'd vase  
    Each hollow joy be broken,  
My heart yet loves to pause  
    Upon this blue-eyed token

### II.

And ever as I gaze  
    Upon the flower before me  
A brighter spirit's rays  
    For the moment are shed o'er me  
For then *your* form is seen  
    In the lone heart of its wearer,  
Fresh as the flower's own green,  
    And than its own white fairer.

### III.

Pass then my coming years  
    In sunshine or in shower  
Still shall I look with tears  
    On this blue-eyed token flower.

It will keep me still the same  
And I never shall forget thee :  
Its hues may fade—its name  
Unchanging, will not let me !

MONTRIEUL, *Noir*. 1837.

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## THOSE PLEASANT WALKS.

---

Those pleasant walks ! Ah ! me ! I sometimes think  
'Twere best for man to live alone, nor graft  
Fresh stocks of love perpetual on his heart—  
Nay blame me not too hastily, nor deem  
Such thoughts an idle gloomy fantasy,  
The offspring of an over heated brain—  
Truths are strange things and when they chance to jar  
Against our pre-conceived ideas, or clash  
With sympathies, hopes, wishes, stranger still  
But I have thought, deeply and calmly thought ,  
And feel 'tis sadly true, although it sound  
Never so strange—lend me your ears awhile—  
Is there no lonely grandeur in the thought  
Of living self-dependant—far remote  
E'en in the busiest crowd from every wish  
Or hope *they* form , unharassed by *their* cares,  
Unruffled by *their* joys, in looking round  
Alike upon their failure or success  
With eye un-mov'd, and heart unwrung, and wrapt  
As in a garment, living in oneself,  
By self, not for self, nor yet selfishly ?  
It may be sweet and doubtless 'tis to know  
That there *are* eyes, however far away,  
Which glisten brighter when they see our name  
Coupled with glory ; or awhile grow dim

If they but light e'en on a feign'd account  
Of sickness or of woe—'tis doubtless sweet  
To feel that there are other ears that glow,  
Checks that will blush, and hearts whose throbbing pulse  
Will bound one beat the quicker at our praise —  
All this is sweet, but tell me, do you think  
'tis link unreal, far off sympathy,  
Does or can compensate for the vast void,  
The ceaseless yearnings of the soul to fill  
The blank which absence makes ? Believe me, no.  
"A present evil for a future good."  
Better not make a friendship, than to feel  
The want of it hereafter—the one draught  
Is cloying sweet as honey, like the book  
In Patmos isle, but bitter *then* as gall.  
We meet like stranger travellers at a well  
Both weary, toil-worn, thirsty, and the one  
Has what the other lacks—a crystal cup—  
Or strength to draw—he lends unlook'd for aid,  
But not un-thank'd and from this courteous act  
We up and on together for awhile  
Our path perchance the same thro' summer fields,  
Yellow with cowslips or enammell'd o'er  
With blue-bells and with daisies, but at length  
Our roads branch off, we bid farewell, and part,  
Often we turn our lingering looks behind  
To catch one other glimpse of that dear form  
We may not see again—then journey on  
More wretched and more lonely than before :



For it were rash and idle to expect  
 Another form just where the last one left  
 Willing, and eager, rais'd by some strange chance,  
 Waiting to join us on our pilgrimage.  
 These thoughts are gloomy, but, I pray thee, bear  
 With me whilst I disclose their hidden source  
 It seems a fate to me to make sweet friends  
 Dear friends, who cross like meteors my path,  
 With all their brightness but alas ! their speed  
 Lighting my way one moment with their blaze  
 Then leaving me in darkness more obscure  
 Or like those flowers which in early spring  
 Bedeck the garden for one little month  
 Scarce are they gaz'd on, wish'd for, ere they fade !\*  
 And yet perchance it is well order'd thus ,  
 For let a few short years be plac'd between,  
 One little year hush in'claps d, and friends,  
 What are they ? Then † idea comes back to us  
 Not even with a portrait's certainty,  
 Though dull and still and cold that be the more  
 Our Fancy strives to paint the well lov'd form  
 The more unreal, shadow like, it grows  
 The greater effort the mind makes to clutch  
 The vision, farther it eludes our grasp ;  
 A cup of Tantalus--a cheating dream--  
 A mocking phantom--a delusive hope.

Looking back now these lines seem almost prophetic.

And friendship oft is like a graceful reed—  
It takes root quickly and it shoots up soon :  
It loves the gentle stream it feeds upon :  
'Tis fair to look on when its first spring leaves  
Are green and tender—it will bend its head  
In summer to the wanton breeze that strives  
To break it—but as older still it grows,  
It grows more brittle, and the wintry blast  
Of pois'nous calumny will oft suffice  
At the first shock to shiver it in twain :  
And he who *now* is tempted to expect  
From it or aid or shelter in the storm  
Because he saw it bending *then*, and green,  
Will find it hollow—a most frail support !

Those pleasant walks ! in which we travers'd round,  
'The grey and time-worn walls built ages back  
By that stern old crusader\* in his pomp,  
Or pride, or strength, or weakness --where of old  
The steel-clad warder with his bended bow  
And iron casque gazed by the full-moon-light  
From the same bastion on the same fair stream  
That then roll'd on in stateliness as now .  
Eager he peer'd into the farthest East,  
The stillness of the night encroach'd upon  
By the slow clanking of his own arm'd heel,  
As he pursued his lone and beaten round,  
Striving to catch the grey of earliest dawn

\* Godfrey de Bouillon.

Whose breeze he knew bore battle on its wings.  
 How many a form since his, young as ourselves,  
 Gay, idle, thoughtless, in each passing age  
 Has pac'd these ramparts and where are they now ?  
 And yet, God help us with these stones around  
 Speaking in thrilling accents to our hearts  
 Of what we are and must be, how we talk'd  
 Of fashion, follies, idle vanities !

Those pleasant walks when by the lonely cliffs  
 We took our way and gazed out on the sea  
 That roll'd between us and our native land  
 Whose cliffs rose proudly glistening in the sun,  
 Lofty and shining white —were our hearts full  
 Of home ? Oh ! no !—or when we stood beneath  
 The fisher's chapel, did they bow with pray'r ?  
 Or when beside that gentle river's bank  
 We stray'd, Italian poets in our hands,  
 The green fields edging on one side our path,  
 The river on the other at our feet—  
 Were our hearts tun'd to poetry ? oh ! no !  
 Still we talk'd on as youth will ever talk  
 Of fashion, follies, idle vanities !

Those pleasant walks ! Ah ! me ! what made them so ?  
 Was it the deep blue of the Autumn sky ?  
 The sunny brightness of the cloudless noon ?  
 The placid beauty of the fields around ?  
 The freshness of the waters and the breeze ?  
 What made our spirits light and glad, and free ?

Say—was as it all or none of these, and not  
That idle yet sweet converse which we held  
The while we walk'd ? Whate'er the charm might be  
It hath sunk deep into *one* heart at least,  
Which will look back upon those pleasant walks  
In after days, the one bright point of life —  
The green oasis of its desert track !

BOULOGNE, *October 17, 1837.*

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## THE BLESSING OF THE SEA.

---

[Once a year at the commencement of the herring fishing on the 1st of October the Boulogne fishermen attended by the Priests proceed to the shore where they perform a mass before the cross erected at the foot of the cliff after this ceremony they descend to the water's edge and pronounce a blessing on the sea.]

Beside the fisher's humble shrine I stood,  
Musing alone upon the silent shore,  
Gazing out far across the Ocean flood  
When the full burst of mid-day heat was o'er.  
Calm as the sleep of childhood's early years  
The waves upon its bosom scarcely roll'd,  
Ting'd as the sun sank down to other spheres  
With the last parting ray of burnish'd gold  
So still so lonely that it seem'd t' impart  
A gush of its own quiet to the heart

### II.

While my soul swept to other days and climes  
On noiseless wings : my old haunts and resorts :  
My lov'd and distant home, the bygone times  
Of infant innocence, and boyhood's sports—  
The brawling brook in which I loved to fling  
The enamell'd stones ; the friends with whom I strayd,  
Holding sweet converse in the jocund spring  
By stream or paved fount, woodland, or glade,  
As hand in hand we dreamt the hills around  
Hemm'd in their slope the world's extremest bound.

## III.

Was it indeed reality—that swell

Of far off music's faintly breathing strain  
Mingling with silver bells whose chiming fell

Prolong'd in dying murmurs o'er the main—  
Or one of those bright creatures of the mind

Which float in dream-like hours before the eyes,  
Coming and going like the pathless wind

We know not whence or whither, but arise  
Perchance direct from Heav'n, and sent to cheer  
The world's lone pilgrim in his sojourn here.

## IV.

No, 'tis not phantasy—for now more near

The earthly strains each moment louder sweep,  
Swelling in harmony, till strong and clear

The choral anthem booms across the deep.  
And now they cluster on the shining sand,

Advancing slowly in one long array  
Led by their holy priests, that fisher band,

And as they onward come they humbly pray,  
Or turn in silent thankfulness their eyes  
On the tall cross that gleams towards the skies.

## V.

They pause, they stop upon the utmost strand—

The white-rob'd priests, the host, its pomp, and state,  
The toil-worn fisher clasping hand in hand

His babe unconscious or his tender mate ;  
The aged sire with his uncover'd brow ;

The thoughtless boy upon his bended knee,  
And lowly all in heartfelt homage bow

As the Priest pours his blessing on the sea  
Whilst to and fro the silver censers fling  
Fresh clouds of ambient incense as they swing

## VI

Lo! where the elder Priest advancing throws

The hallow'd water over Ocean's breast,  
Whilst through the ranks this simple blessing flows  
His voice ascending high above the rest

" Bless Thee Sea bless Thee—may the Lord who chose

' His followers first from far Tiberias' shore

" Bless these his followers as ~~th~~ once bless'd those,

' And still thy tempests as ~~th~~ still'd before

" Bless Thee Sea bless Thee! May he please to save

" Each fragile barge that tempts the wintry wave!

## VII

'Tis o'er—They use that fabled host and turn

Lach to the dwelling which he calls his own

Still the song swells the silver censers burn,

The train sweeps on and I am left alone

And yet I may not deem that far off strain

So pure, idolatrous, that blessing prayer

A pompous pageantry but used in vain,

Unheard and scatter'd to the empty air—

'Tho' of another creed I learn to view

With an unjudging heart what others do!

BOULOGNE, *October*, 1837.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE LYRE.

εἰς τὰ οὐκ ἀνθρώπων οὐδὲν ἱερὰνίσσατο χόρδαν.

When Maia's son was yet a boy  
He wander'd by the banks of Nile :  
His vagrant fancy dwelt with joy  
On many a sportive theft the while .

### 2.

\* How when an infant he essay'd  
To steal the bolts from Heaven's own Store,  
But found them all too heavy made  
And burnt his fingers with the fire.

### 3.

† How too when angry Phœbus swore  
To shoot, unless the roguish child  
His hidden oxen would restore,  
To find his quiver stol'n, he snail'd.

\* *See Lucian.* εἰ δὲ μὴ βαρύτερος ὁ κέραυτος ἦν  
καὶ πολὺν τὸ πῶρ εἴχεν, κάκῳδον αὖν ὑφείλετο.

‡ Te boves olim nisi reddisses

Per dolum amotas puerum minaci

Voce dum terret viduus pharetrâ,

Risit Apollo—*Hor.*



## 4.

\* How Mars and Neptune both his pow'r  
    Spoil'd of their arms were forc'd to own,  
And Venus in unlucky hour  
    Was robb'd of her close clinging zone.

## 5.

While thus he thought his eyes were cast  
    Far o'er the river at his side,  
(That happy season was just past  
    When Egypt bless'd and drank its tide)

## 6.

Often he stoop'd him down and cropp'd  
    The lotus flowers that nearest lay,  
When suddenly his godship stopp'd  
    Before a tortoise in his way.

## 7.

He turn'd it o'er—no doubt the tide  
    Retreating left it where it fell  
But nothing now remain'd beside  
    A few old ligatures and shell.

\* For an account of these other robberies, see Callimachus' *Hymn to Mercury*.

## 8.

He struck it with his staff—a strain  
Of plaintive melody replies—  
He starts—once more he strikes—again  
Answers the \*enchanted shell with sighs.

## 9.

At first in childish fear he stands  
Yet longs once more the voice to hear,  
Then grasping it with both his hands  
He lifts the wonder to his ear.

## 10.

Then o'er it as he slowly flings  
His fingers, floats a fairy sound ;  
Then as he bolder strikes the strings  
Louder the twanging notes re-bound.

## 11.

Throughout the sunny noon he play'd  
His soul in joy and wonder wrapt,  
Till many of the nerves were fray'd,  
And some alas ! in sunder snapt.

## 12.

In vain he stamp'd his angry feet,  
No sweet tones longer wait the boy :  
First with his wand in rage he beat,  
Then sate him down to mend the toy.

## 13.

He toil'd till in the polish'd shell  
His own fair form he might behold ;  
And for the nerves, replaced them well  
With seven bright strings of burnish'd gold

## 14

Then guided by the twinkling light  
Of stars straight home to Heaven he flies,  
And, for 'twas Jove's own festival night,  
Enters the banquet with his prize \*

## 15.

But scarce c'en at the ambrosial board  
His pride restrain'd, the conscious Boy  
Smil'd, brimming cups of nectar pour'd,  
And drank, to hide his bursting joy

## 16.

At length he left his anxious place,  
And gain'd the seat of Jove unknown,  
With watchful eye and stealthy pace,  
And gently touch'd his jewell'd throne

\* *Dapibus supremi  
Grata testudo Jovis.*

## 17.

But when the Thund'rer turn'd to blame,  
    Blushing he struck the lyre and proud,  
And as the notes responsive came  
    Silence enchain'd the list'ning crowd.

## 18.

At first a lonely mournful tone  
    Rose on their unexpectant ear  
Like the far south-wind's dying moan :  
    Then soft it flow'd and sweetly clear.

## 19.

Like gushing drops of crystal streams  
    Trickling o'er hollow stones it fell,  
Then bright as sunny Phœbus beams  
    Danc'd merry numbers from the shell.

## 20.

Broken abrupt as rugged rocks,  
    Continuous as the sloping plain,  
Jarring and fierce as battle-shocks  
    The music rose and sank again.

## 21.

Now light, now dark as night or day,  
    Now like the seasons of the year—  
Cold, mellow, blushing, flowery gay  
    Distant it sigh'd or trembled near.

## 22.

Luscious it flow'd as lover's tale ;  
 As close and sultry noon-day warm ;  
 Now languish'd to a plaintive wail,  
 Now burst in thunders like a storm.

## 23.

Louder and louder roll'd the strain  
 In awful majesty of sound—  
 Echoed the vaulted skies again,  
 And closer press'd the Gods around.

## 24.

The youth had ceas'd, nor voice nor nod  
 The universal wonder broke  
 All doubted if 'twere not a god  
 More mighty than themselves that spoke.

## 25.

Since then the harp has pour'd its strains  
 Of soothing influence o'er Earth :  
 \* Soft'ning our sorrows, toils, and pains,  
 But mostly tun'd to folie mirth.

\* ——— O ! laborum  
 Dulce Lenimen

*Hor.*

26.

Thanks then to Maia's gentle son,  
The first who strung the golden lyre,  
Who from the god's assembled won  
The praise and title of its sire.

27.

And if such deeds the bending shell  
Achiev'd when first 'twas struck in Heav'n,  
What wonder at the magic spell  
To music mid us mortals given.

MONTRIEUL, *December*, 1837.

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## ROMANCE—A FACT

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### I

Time was, ere sorrow made me think and fear,  
    When my gay spirit soar'd on fancy's wings  
To drink those founts of magic thought which here  
    Flow thick and sullied on through earthly things,  
When dream of glory ill unbidden came  
    To wake the soul with honour's trumpet call,  
Unearthly hopes high longings after fame,  
    Romantic fancies only built to fill,  
When the dark world was bath'd in purple light,  
And stern reality itself look'd bright

### II

'Twas at a lordly mansion where a host  
    Of idlers thoughtless gaily gay had met  
Mirth rul'd a welcome monarch, for the most  
    Of us were young nor thought of sorrow yet  
Brave Youth and gentle Maidenhood were there,  
    There was the laughing look, the plaintive song,  
The whisper'd tale between the young and fair —  
    Would we were now the same gay artless throng,  
And so we danc'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and sung,  
As ever dance, sigh, smile and sing the young.

## III.

But there was One, a fair-hair'd girl whose eve  
 Fring'd by long pensile lashes seem'd to doubt  
 Its own enchantment, save when rus'd, a sly  
 Arch glance of merriment peep'd sometimes out ;  
 Her's was the graceful foot, the fairy form  
 Which to be gaz'd on is to be ad'm'd :  
 I drank the poison thrilling, deep, and warm,  
 Blessing the beauteous chalice whence 'twas pour'd,  
 And once, ah ! me ! with this fair gut I stray'd  
 Far o'er the fields and through the wooded glade.

## IV.

'Twas earliest spring—yet neither mark'd the thorn  
 Frosted with many a bunch of silver may,  
 Nor golden cowslips spangled o'er the lawn,  
 Nor leaves just burst in beauty on the spray.  
 And yet methought I was not slow to read  
 That blushing cheek, that timid down-cast eye,  
 That trembling arm, and that uncertain tread,  
 That half form'd smile, that check'd yet rising sigh—  
 “ Dear girl” I whisper'd, and we pause to press  
 Each others hands in silent tenderness.

## V.

More bold, I bade her mark the things around—  
 “ See” said I “ see how fast the jocund spring  
 “ Trips from her fairy halls to deck the ground  
 “ In dyes she tells the sunny hours to bring—



- “ How nature greets her—with what joyous strain  
    “ The birds sing forth—how merrily the rill  
“ Bounds o’er the stones—the cattle roam the plain—  
    “ The gamb’ling rabbits frisk upon the hill—  
“ You love those little playful things of course ?—”  
“ Yes,” hsp’d the fair One—“ dress’d with onion sauce !”

LINCOLN’S INN, *April*, 1839.

## THE PAROQUET.

---

Fond hearts *must* love, and having lov'd, love on  
Unceasingly—'tis thus when summer's breath  
Kindling their being through the buds hath gone,  
The flower once blossom'd, shuts not save in death.  
'Tis thus with plants which once have learnt to twine  
Round the firm trellisse ; if their prop decay,  
Soon will their beauty fade, then heads decline,  
Their strength be gone, their sweetness pass away.  
Maids, wives, and widows, all must have their pet,  
So Mary long'd to love—her Paroquet.

## II

Oh ! she would have it under such command,  
Teach it from out her breakfast cup to drink,  
Perch hawk-like on her wrist, feed from her hand,  
In short do every thing in life, but think.  
Yes, she would make it with such ceaseless pains  
Her prattling confidante, her tell-tale spy,  
Cry “ charming willow ” to her hosts of swains,  
And work out soft flirtations with the eye ;  
And then she blush'd, yet only fancy spoke,  
But “ Pretty Polly ”—such sweet equivoke !

## III.

Poll's a romantic bird : his gorgeous plumes  
    Varied as pleasures, gay and bright as joy,  
Speak of those islands where the orange blooms  
    In the far west—yes ! Poll's a pretty boy !  
Then there's a cunning fire within his glance  
    Sure token of a certain roguish mirth—  
Young hearts, they say, are partial to romance,  
    Nor given to strangle roguery in its birth :  
So what between his plumage and his spite  
Poll is a pretty general favourite.

## IV.

Besides there's something pretty in a pet .  
    It looks so lady-like, and seems to say  
" I'm a mere lodger, but the heart's to let  
    For life to you—rent, what you like to pay"—  
So Mary thought, and being firmly bent  
    Like men on 'Change immediately to buy,  
The carriage order'd, quick the maid was sent  
    To the bird fancier's, for one to try—  
" Quick, Nannette, quick—no, stay—no, go—no, stay—  
" Be gone d'ye hear ?—what—do you still delay ?"

## V.

The Parrot came, and Mary being sure  
    That half the battle's o'er if but begun,  
Resolv'd at once with many a kindly lure  
    To give the un-tried one lesson number one

But Poll was like the adder, deaf ; nor heard  
His charming charmer charm'd she ne'er so well,  
He was a most ungentlemanly bird  
Who would not list what from such sweet lips fell :  
The gilded bars were opened—out he flew,  
And perching on her finger, bit it through.

## VI.

Now there's a sort of basiliskic charm  
In danger which (the phrase is strange) outwits  
Our wits, and in a moment of alarm  
We cannot always tell what most befits  
The occasion present—so it happen'd here ;  
For what 'twas certainly most right to do  
Was quite forgotten betwixt hope and fear,  
For when upon her finger Polly flew,  
Nor would forego this most in-human peck  
The lady wrung *her* hands and not *his* beak.

## VII.

In vain her taper arms were wildly flung  
In anguish to shake off this treacherous foe ;  
The pertinacious rogue more closely clung  
The more displeasure she contriv'd to show.  
Like a fierce dun who will not be denied  
But thrusts each separate item in your hand,  
Nor heeds soft words which turn fierce wrath aside,  
Or as when mad Reformers fill'd the land,  
The unwelcome burden of his cry was still,  
“ The bill—the whole bill—nothing but the bill.”

## VIII.

Oh ! Hogarth, Hogarth ! Comic-annual Hood !  
Masters of pen and pencil, had ye seen  
This picture, what a most delicious food  
For long posterity this tale had been.  
How fled the lady, how pursued the bird,  
With outstretch'd neck and wings, and open beak,  
What shrieks of her's what screams of his were heard,  
How red his eye-ball, and how pale her cheek :  
And how when Thomas clear'd the topmost stair  
He found his lady fainting on a chair !

## IX.

What heaps of ormolu and gilt were crack'd,  
What China spoilt, what tables over-turn'd,  
What billets doux, enammell'd cards untrack'd,  
What books were torn, what pretty letters burn'd :  
How when at length her opening eyes were cast  
In doubt and fear around, the lady cried,  
(For fainting ladies must come to at last  
When every nostrum has in vain been tried)  
" Take home that goblin monster Thomas, and  
" Fetch half a dozen doctors for my hand !"

## X.

I never knew the useless thing on earth  
If fitly handled not of some avail,  
There's nothing worthless that hath not its worth !  
Thus there's a moral in this parrot's tale.

'Tis this—if we but take the pains to try

That unfledged race of birds who sometimes walk  
Abroad in borrow'd plumes, and strutt, and lie

With much about the wit of Polly's talk,  
Weigh their pretensions, search their vice and arts,  
We oft might soil our hands, but save our hearts.

LINCOLN'S INN, *April*, 1839.

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## THE HOPELESS MARINERS.

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[An interesting account of this accident is given in the *John Bull* of October 24, 1840.]

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Sit still and hear the list of our sea-sorrowers

*Tempest*

One summer day in Scarbro' bay  
The fishers mark'd a tiny boat  
Gallantly ride upon the tide,  
And in t three little boys afloat.

They laugh'd and play'd the while they laid  
Their lines well-baited in the sea ,  
And o'er the foam their friends at home  
Might hear their voices rise in glee.

When one cried out with sudden shout  
" See, Willie, where our play mates row  
" Off from the shore with labouring oar,  
" To tell us we must homeward go

" But let them fail—up with the sail—  
" And we will lead a merry chase ;  
" The start is ours, 'twill try their powers  
" To beat or catch us in the chase."

Swiftly they flew—the breezes blew  
    In favour of their outward course—  
Each boyish breast admir'd the jest  
    Though the wind freshn'd in its force.

Right on they steer'd, nor sideward veer'd,  
    Until at length 'twas time to turn,  
For Scarbro bay was far away,  
    And land look'd distant at their stern.

“Now let us tack and hasten back”  
    Creed Willie with the flaxen hair,  
“Their boat, ye mind, is far behind,  
    “ I cannot see it any where.”

They strove in vain to turn again,  
    The wind so dead beat off the land :  
Before the gale with swelling sail  
    The little crew was forc'd to stand.

The shore look'd blue as on they flew,  
    Soon dwindling it had fainter grown :  
Like a fog-bank it rose, then sank  
    From sight, and they were left alone.

The sun set red in Ocean bed,  
    The moon shone cold on mast and rope ;  
And every star that peep'd afar  
    Look'd like a distant land of hope.



Yet still they plough with foaming prow  
The waves around them dashing free—  
For helpless lad no pity had  
The billows of the silent sea.

Nor bread nor meat had they to eat,  
Nor water for their parching thirst,  
Nor compass tried, their course to guide—  
Well might their bosoms fear the worst !

The morning rose, and brought fresh woes ;  
One sicken'd, adding to their care :  
'Twas he, the boy of mirth and joy,  
Young Willie with the flaxen hair.

And all day long the fever strong  
Kept gaming on his burning frame :  
In vain they cried his form beside,  
He did not hear or know his name.

Yet on they flew, those other two,  
While grief was heavy at their heart,  
But boldly they still dash'd away  
The tear that to their eyes *would* start.

In turns each mate as helmsman sate  
To steer and trim their little sail ;  
The other stoop'd where Willie droop'd  
And held his head without avail.

They look'd, they pray'd to God for aid,  
As night again was closing round,  
Nor dar'd they sleep lest o'er the deep  
Some saviour barque unseen might bound.

O'er each stretch'd cord the wind was pour'd,  
Full on the sail with hollow sound,  
And on they flew, that helpless crew,  
Where countless waters hemm'd them round.

Now a pale streak was seen to break  
Through Eastern skies, and widening spread ;  
Till the sun shone in splendour on  
Them famishing, and Willie dead.

Still on they press'd without a rest ;  
Forward their bonny vessel stood  
With heedless course the paths across  
Of ocean's boundless solitude.

Now they were curst with hunger, thirst ;  
In their fierce gaze wild fires arise,  
Until at length with failing strength  
They lie them down, and close their eyes.

The third night fell upon the swell  
Of the wild waves, and all was dark—  
The helm was tied—none sate beside—  
Yet onward sped the lonely barque.

The moon rode high in the midnight sky,  
And with that chilling smile of her's  
Look'd coldly bright on that sad sight,  
Those little hopeless mariners.

The sun again shone o'er the main,  
When with faint foot and glazing eye  
One of those two rose up to view  
The heav'ns again ere he should die.

Hope! courage! hail!—a distant sail  
Glean'd on the far horizon's verge—  
Hurrah! it veer'd; for them it steer'd,  
Like white-wing'd Hope, across the surge.

Could it be true—it rose to view—  
His handkerchief he faintly wav'd—  
A gun shot plain boom'd o'er the main,  
Glad signal; they are saved, are saved!

Food was supplied: the crystal tide  
A sweet refreshing coolness lent;  
Yet faint they lie, when suddenly  
On a dread sight their eyes were bent.

With firm-tied knot a heavy shot  
Was fix'd to their companion's breast:  
A sail-cloth bound his limbs around:  
And all too well they knew the rest.

The chief they grasp'd ; his knees they clasp'd :

“ Oh ! plunge not Willie in the foam ;

“ In pity save from such a grave

His corse—oh ! let us bear him home.”

The Captain hears, and rising tears

Fast gathering on his eye-lash shine—

He may not grant the boon they want,

And waves his hand by way of sign.

With sullen lunge the sailors plunge

The body in the clear green wave :

And the deep tide on which he died

Is fair-hair'd Willie's Ocean grave.

LITTLE STANMORE, *November*, 1840.

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*ON THE BONES OF A DEAD STAG IN  
LULLINGSTON PARK.*

---

Beneath the monarch oak  
Whose rule hath been here for a thousand years  
Thy straining eyes streamed forth thine dying tears,  
Brave stag, thy proud heart broke

And now where I to thee sky  
Listen'd in silence to thy pining moans,  
The chilly night-wind whistles through thy bones,  
And hollow sounds reply

Oft in the upland vale  
Through the brown ferns springing from thy lair  
Thou didst utter thy sad wailing cry  
In silence all unheeded

Save when the circling bough  
Broke by thy horns gave mine to thy flight  
And for a moment let thee catch the light  
Fall on the earth below

Here when the wintry gales  
Blow fiercest was thy refuge—hence was led  
The browsing herd, thy proud form at their head,  
Far o'er the sloping dales.

Whilst in their lordly course  
Shaking the clear dew from the broken fern  
To crop the grassy herbage they would turn,  
Bound o'er the prickly gorse.

Or, starting at a sound,  
The voice of man—the rustling of the trees—  
The distant waters whispering to the breeze—  
Gaze fearfully around.

¶ Here, on this lonely hill  
Thy full eye gaz'd upon the far off scene,  
The woods below thee, and the vallies green  
Sparkling with many a rill.

Through groves of spreading larch  
In noon-tide heat to lave thy dappled side,  
Or view thy form in silver Darent's tide,  
This was thy forest march !

And hither Thou hast come,  
When Life's lamp dimly burnt, at length to sigh  
Thy panting spirit forth alone, and die,  
Thy first and latest home !

When silent stars would peep  
Archly beneath the leaves with glimmering beams  
And mirror'd moon-light glance upon the streams,  
Thy fleetness still'd in sleep,

This green moss was thy bed ;  
High Heav'n, thy canopy ; the rustling bough  
Thy free soul's lullaby to rest, and now  
Here Thou art lying dead.

Not the fierce hound in chase  
Tracking thy foot-fall heard thy bosom throb,  
Or fiercer man dwelt o'er the bursting sob  
That mark'd thy dying place :

Nor startled by the horn ;  
But when age slowly crept on Thee at last  
By memory musing o'er the happy past  
To this spot wert Thou borne .

Not with that graceful ease  
Which sped thy youthful antlers o'er the plain  
But with eye dim, and sadly, and in pain,  
With slow and faltering knees.

\* Like the poor hunted hare  
Who when the last chance of escape is gone  
Towards the home she left still struggles on  
To yield her spirit there.

\* And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return, and die at home at last.

*Goldsmith.*

Fit place for one like Thee  
Whose earliest day drank in the freshest breath  
Of heav'n, in solitude to yield to death,  
Unseen, but ever fied.

Yes ! not unfit thy grave  
By the old oak-tree on the lone hill side,  
Well known and lov'd, where as you liv'd you died,  
Proud, beautiful and brave !

SHOREHAM, *July* 1839.

---



## ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

---

And so another circling year is sped—  
    Its pomps and pride, its wishes hopes and fears,  
Its joys, its sorrows and regrets are dead  
    And buried in the vale of bye-gone years—

And what is Time? The Future is a thought,  
    A mere idea of what *may* never be.  
A point, Time present: and the Past is nought  
    Save before God and in Man's memory.

Twelve months in childhood seem an endless age,  
    In which we wander on thro' sunny fields,  
Where brooks and shining flowers the eyes engage,  
    And still new spring perpetual verdure yields.

But as more beaten grows the accustom'd track,  
    No longer please the flowers, the fields, the brook,  
For in hope forward, or in sorrow back,  
    Or on the travellers at our side we look.

Or as we view the Sun, the birds, the sky,  
    With heavenly visions our rapt souls are blest,  
And, Earth forgotten, we too wish to fly  
    Upward on dove-like wings and be at rest.

Then, when our thoughts no longer fix'd above,  
\* Again we turn us to the passing thro'ng,  
The gods they follow we no longer love,  
And, often sigh because the road seems long.

Yet when old age has silver'd o'er the brow,  
And the stiff joints with ease no longer play,  
That road which once seem'd endless passes now  
With the still fleetness of a single day.

I know not whence—unless an All-kind pow'r  
Pitying our longing for the journeys end  
Which leads our spirits home permits the hour  
To *seem* more brief the nearer Heav'n we tend.

Thus as from Infancy to Age we grow  
'Tis sweet to think that each succeeding year  
Well spent, as closer to our God we go,  
Still shorter *seems*, and *brings* us still more near.

---

## BE WITH ME STILL.

---

Ἄστυρ πριν μεῖ ἑλამπεσ ενι ζωοισιν ἕως,  
Νυν δε θανων λαμπεισ Εσπέρος ἐν φθιμενοισ.  
*Plato.*

---

You come when sleep has seal'd my eye in night  
Smile on my dreams, and rouse me to delight—  
*Metamorphoses of Theoc. Id. xi.*

---

Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,  
Te teneam moriens delicatè manu  
*Tibullus.*

---

'Tis vain to battle with my wayward fate—  
Whether I wander on the lonely hill,  
Walk o'er the mead, or pause beside the rill,  
At evening, night, or morning; early or late—  
Her form is with me still.

Her voice is borne upon the noon-tide air  
In the same tones of tenderness and joy  
Which I once thought Time's self might not destroy,  
When she was young, and oh! how heavenly fair!  
And I was yet a boy.

Her loosen'd locks stream on the passing wind  
As when we pluck'd spring flowers in our youth,  
And flung them fresh aside, as if in truth  
Far brighter hues advancing age would find,  
And sweeter scents forsooth.

Sometimes her lily hand is press'd in mine  
As we were wont with throbbing hearts to gaze  
In silent awe upon the stony maze,  
Our souls, as 'twere, mingling with the divine  
Far off from earthly ways.

Sometimes her form flits by me in the night  
When by strange chance amid gay numbers thrown  
I listen to light laugh and joyous tone, —  
She comes between me and the pale moon-light  
When I walk forth alone.

And oft she looks out on me from my sleep  
With eyes so fix'd yet sorrowfully clear,  
That if pure spirits grieve for us, I fear  
She sorrows, for she lov'd me, that I keep  
Still my long vigil here.

Yet many years have run their weary length  
Since we two stray'd together side by side ;  
She in her beauty, I in boyhood's pride —  
Old age has stricken down *my* frame and strength,  
And long ago *she* died.

Be with me still, sweet saint, for where thou art  
I feel a portion of thy spirit dwell,  
Sadd'ning, yet soothing with a holy spell,  
And then is pour'd over this widow'd heart  
A joy I cannot tell.

Be with me still, and I will woo my fate  
If when I wander on the lonely hill,  
Cross o'er the mead, or pause beside the ~~hill~~,  
At evening, night and morn,—early and late,  
Thy form is with me still.

DAN-Y-GRAIG, *September*, 1839

*A BRIDAL-WREATH FOR E. B.*

---

Hither, beneath ~~the~~<sup>these</sup> old and spreading trees,  
Upon this worn and rustic seat  
Shelter'd from every curious breeze,  
Impervious to the noon-tide heat,  
Let us a few brief moments seize,  
And fill with song the cool retreat.

II.

Hither bring tendrils of the leafy vine,  
Roses and every flowret bring ;  
Then whilst a fragrant wreath I twine,  
In mirthful measures let me sing,  
Gushing like streams of ruby wine  
Glowing and living from the string.

III.

First bring me ~~the~~ lilies from a thousand rills  
Fresh pluck't, and dripping from the wave ;  
Pansies and golden daffodils,  
And hare-foot from each fairy cave,  
With poppies which the sunny hills  
A gift to loose-clad summer gave.

## IV.

Next pluck me blue-bells from the scented dale,  
    An purple woodbine from the grot,  
Bright marigolds, and violets pale  
    That lurk in each sequester'd spot,  
Jasmine, and lilies of the vale,  
    And bunches of forget me not :

## V.

Cut me fresh buds from off the hawthorn spray,  
    Green ivy, flowering moss and heath,  
Gather the earliest bloom from May,  
    Peeping its tender leaves beneath,  
White hyacinths before me lay,  
    With orange-blossom for the wreath.

## VI.

Enough of sweets—and bid the village bells  
    Ring out a merry marriage peal,  
While round the heap with magic spells  
    In ecstasies the flames steal,  
As their wild incantation tells  
    The virtues which the flowers conceal.

## VII.

Hither they waft each bud that tokens joy,  
    Delight and hope for ever fair,  
Pleasure, and love without alloy,  
    To form a braiding for thy hair,

A wreath which nothing shall destroy  
To bloom for ever freshly there.

## VIII.

And now amid the many mingling sounds  
Of dulcet bells that softly ring,  
The song of birds, and stream that bounds  
In music from its native spring,  
'Tis mine to weave in leafy rounds  
The emblem flowers the fancies bring.

## IX.

Far from the courtly halls of wordly pride  
This humble wreath was twiu'd for thee ;  
Yet Friendship helped the work beside  
The roots of that old spreading tree,  
And soften'd **T**ime foretold the bride  
That wore it should live happily.

[Within one little year from the composition of the above verses  
she whose bridal they were intended to grace, was no more.]

LITTLE SPANMORE, *May*, 1837.

---



## A DIRGE.

---

Quist alia fando  
Temperet a lacrymis !

*Virgil*

---

All things that we ordain'd for festival  
Turn from their office to black funeral—  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
And bridal flowers serve for a buried coise.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

---

Et face pro thalami lax mihi mortis adest

*Ovid.*

---

The very torch that laughing Hymen bore  
To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door  
With the same torch the bridegroom lights the fire  
That dimly glimmers o'er the funeral pyre,  
Thou too O ! Hymen bid st the nuptial lay  
In elegiac meanings die away.

*Erinna.*

---

ὄνκ ἔθανες, πρώτη, μετίβης ἐς ἀμεινονα χῶρον.

*Anon.*

---

The dulcet voice which here below  
 Charm'd with delight each list'ning ear,  
 Mix'd with no lingering tone of woe  
 Swelling harmonious, soft, and clear,  
 Will sweetly fill the courts above  
 In strains of heavenly peace and love.

*Marg. Davidson.*

---

Not as of late when on the festal morn, [pleasure,  
 Thy chords scarce struck, forth bounded notes of  
 Harp, breath again—but let thy dirge be drawn  
 In length'ning cadence to a mournful measure.

Wild as the sough of winds thro' summer woods  
 Whose murmur still seems hush'd, yet never ending :  
 Sad as the ceaseless roll of lazy floods,  
 Or infant voices in full anthem blending,

Breath ; and thenceforth on willow boughs be hung  
 Since she, the bride for whom thy golden numbers  
 Prescient of years and joy deceptive rung,  
 In the cold grave too early wept for slumbers.

For scarce the buds plucked in the dewy prime  
 Were by these hands in bridal chaplets braided,  
 And scarce had echo closed the marriage chime  
 When funeral knells rang out, the flowers lay faded —

Yet each returning spring around her tomb  
 Shall find a mournful band fresh blossoms twining,  
 Superfluous task ! for in immortal bloom  
 Heav'n's amaranth upon her brow is shining.

Hush'd is the voice whose oft remembered notes  
    With their full sweetness so her friends enchanted,  
That still, mid our regret, their magic floats  
    Around, and hath but left us memory—haunted.

Hush'd but to us—for in the realms above  
    Where her ficed spirit hath its deathless dwelling  
Loud in the choir of everlasting love  
    Her seraph song of endless praise is swelling.

Her spirit with the holy angels borne,  
    Her body, ficed from pain and sorrow sleeping,  
'Tis ours to triumph and to joy—not mourn—  
    And yet, and yet--I cannot sing for weeping

Hang lonely by the waters, harp—again  
    Save by the breeze thy strings shall not be shaken :  
And not unlike the dying swan's, the strain  
    That leaves thee silent, lone, untun'd forsaken

LITTLE STANMORL, *August* 27, 1840

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## TO MY HARP.

---

*ἀπο πασσάλου φόρμιγγα λάβων.*

---

Harp, when of late I touch'd thee, and found thy strings  
were broken,

I hung thee high upon the wall, of my hasty rage a token :  
And I swore in anger never more to ask Thee for a  
number,

But still to let thy ringing tones in envious silence  
slumber.

Yet ever as I pass'd thee by, I felt how I was wronging  
My faithful Harp, and dreamt I heard thy broken strings  
prolonging

A gentle murmur at my haste, and quick I left thee often,  
Lest thou should'st gain the mastery and my stern pas-  
sion soften.

But tell me, Harp, what magic spell, by what enchanter  
spoken,

Hath made thee whole, for lo ! thy golden strings are  
all unbroken—

What foot this lonely marble hall hath lately dared to  
enter,

Say, was it woman's ? tell me, was it love or music sent  
her.

Was it some Muse who left her home to fling her  
fingers o'er thee—

Or fairy form this spiriting that did so gently for thee—

Say, was it done by day or night, in the yellow beam of  
morning,

Or in the chaste and silvery ray, night's sable vest  
adorning.

What forms were standing by the while ; the light winds  
did they listen—

The ripples of the neighbouring stream, with pleasure  
and they listen—

Shalt thou ring out, as thou wert won't in harmony and  
gladness,

Wilt thou forgive the foolish deed that fills my soul with  
sadness ?

Yes ! and in spring with gratitude I'll twine thee o'er  
with flowers ;

In summer thou shalt sit with me beneath the greenest  
bowers ;

Autumn shall press his gushing grapes to crown thee  
with their sweetness .

Thy stirring notes beside the hearth shall lend old winter  
fleetness.

Then from thy peg come down my Harp ; and thou ever  
shalt be near me .

For thou canst soothe in solitude, in labour thou canst  
cheer me .

And ever more in weal or woe, in happiness or sorrow

Thou still shalt speed the passing day, and glad the  
coming morrow .

## TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

---

Persicos odi, pueri, apparatus.

---

No Persian splendours, boy, for me :  
Nor chaplets of the linden tree :  
They bring but sorrows and regret :  
To search the summer bowers forget  
For the last rose that lingers yet.

Strive not with anxious care to grace  
The myrtle which becomes your place,  
And, in its simple beauty, mine,  
As underneath this twisted vine  
I stretch my limbs and quaff my wine.

### II.

---

Donec gratus eris talis.

---

*Hor.* While yet you lived for me alone,  
And no rival youth was nigh  
To clasp thy fair neck to his own  
No king was half so blest as I !

*Lyd.* Before you felt another flame  
And tales of love to Chloe told,  
Nobler far was Lydia's name  
Than Roman Ilia's of old !

- Hor.* In Thressan Chloe's power I lie;  
           Her's is the lyre and gush of song:  
 For her I would not fear to die  
           If 'twould my Chloe's life prolong.
- Lyd.* For Calais now my bosom burns,  
           And if the Fates would spare the boy,  
 Whose heart the mutual flame returns,  
           Twice would I give my life with joy.
- Hor.* What if reviving love should see  
           Our hearts their broken yoke renew,  
 What, if from fair hair'd Chloe free  
           Again I ope my doors to you?
- Lyd.* Tho' he is brighter than a star,  
           Thou, stormier than the stormy sea,  
 Bittler as cork, and lighter far,  
           Glad would I live and die with Thee!

III

---

O ' Fons Bandusiae splendor vitro.

---

Clearer than glass, Bandusian spring!  
 Worthy of flowers and streams of wine!  
 To-morrow a votive kid shall bring  
       Whose horns the bursting brows confine!

His first ! but sprung from a wanton fold  
 He pants for battle and loves in vain ;  
 He dies for Thee ; and thy waters cold  
 To-morrow his ruby blood shall stain.

The raging dogstar spares thy stream  
 Where a pleasing chill ever is nigh,  
 When the yoke is off for the weary team  
 Of oxen, and flocks that wander by.

What fount than thee shall be better known  
 If I those hollow rocks but sing .  
 With many an ilex over-grown,  
 From whence thy babbling waters spring !

## IV.

---

O ! Venus, regina Cnidi, Paphique

---

Cnidos and Paphos, Venus, own thy power.  
 But the lov'd shores of thine own Cyprus spurning,  
 Hasten, oh ! hasten to the welcome bower  
 Where Glycera calls thee, heaps of incense burning.

The fairest nymphs in troops around thee bringing  
 And Maia's son, and fervid Love about thee :  
 The Graces too, aside their girdles flinging,  
 And goddess Youth, who cannot charm without thee !



## V.

---

Quis multa gracilis te puer, in rosa

---

What slender youth whose forehead flows  
With liquid scents, where many a rose  
Above the pleasing grot is twin'd,  
Presses his suit with urgent pray'r,  
Pyrrha, for thee ; for whom you bind  
In simple elegance your yellow hair ?

Alas ! how oft your broken vow  
And Gods who smile no longer now  
Shall he hereafter learn to weep,  
And as the black clouds take their flight  
Across the black and angry deep,  
Be lost in wonder at the unwonted sight !

Tho' now perchance all golden seems  
That passion which he fondly deems  
For him alone will changeloss burn,  
Unconscious that the breeze which sighs  
Propitious now, will shortly turn  
Its fickle current to far distant skies.

How doubly wretched is their lot  
Who see thee smile, and know thee not !

The votive tablet on the sacred wall  
Shows what a near escape was mine  
For wet with brine and dripping all,  
My weeds are hung upon the sea-god's shrine.

## REVENGE.

---

Come, Poverty, thou bane  
Of others, whom men shrinking shun from far  
Come, with thy staff, a prison's rusty bar,  
Thy girdle, clanking chain !

Gaunt Spectre, come to me—  
My mind is steel'd against all human woes ;  
I hate mankind, and loving all their foes  
Will hug Thee merily !

Though all thy ragged crew  
Press boldly on at once, tainting the air,  
The Beggar Want—the Giant shade, Despair—  
And Famine, pinch'd and blue—

Cold, with his ice-bound pace—  
Dastard Complaint—the cripple, slow **P.** disease,  
Assassin Hate, —come Thou with all of these,  
I will not turn my face.

Nay, an Thou wert from Hell  
Girt round with demon forms of endless woe  
Burst from the riven gulfs of flame below,  
Together we must dwell.

That men, who I sought  
Aid, spuru'd me forth, though it was ask'd to save  
My parent and his children from the grave,  
May own I owe them nought.

So when some hunted deer  
Whom the fierce hounds and fiercer men pursue  
From shift to shift the woods and valleys through  
At last with pitious tear,

Faint knees and sobbing breath,  
Staggers for shelter to his dappled friends,  
Through the mean herd each threat'ning antler bends,  
And bids him forth to death !

Yes—let the villains scan  
Me, whom they thrust from out their dwellings, curst  
With all the pangs of hunger and of thirst,  
Now scorn the aid of man.

Let none bestow a crust—  
That I may have to say this single arm  
Burst unassisted through thy withering charm,  
And hurl'd Thee to the dust.

For if from very shame  
They tender'd me relief, I'd throw their bread  
Unto the starving dogs that share my shed,  
Till they forget my name—

And then—I hear Thee scoff—  
I will arise, and with an iron hand  
Of daring, which e'en Thou cans't not withstand,  
Will shake and throw Thee off.

Yes, even so—thy grasp  
Is as a child's against man's master mind,  
Who, if his spirit quail not, can unbind  
At will thy strangling clasp.

So spurning off thy hold—  
I will strive on—and I have that within  
Which tells me I shall conquer all, to win  
Piled heaps of ruddy gold.

Then, riches at my feet,  
So that I may look down upon the world,  
Its master, with a lip contemptuous curl'd,  
My vengeance shall be sweet.

Let me reflect awhile,  
How my hard earnings I may best employ—  
Shall I lead on to vice the beardless boy  
With the paid harlot's smile ?

Shall not my hoards supply  
The needy gambler's suicidal hand,  
Till hope delayed hath stamp'd the maniac brand  
Deep in his frenzied eye ?

Shall my stock feed the poor  
With just enough to stay the vital breath,  
And thus prolong the agonies of death,  
E'en while they bless the cure ?

Shall I unbar the gate,  
And bid the harden'd prisoner stalk abroad,  
Starving, to snatch the dagger or the sword,  
And earn a dreader fate ?

Then with a bolder hand  
Shall I not sow dissension hate and death  
Among the proud cold-hearted lords of earth,  
And scatter all their land ?

The spendthrift from my legs  
Usurious may forestall and waste his store :  
Then scoffing, I will spurn him from my door,  
Fraunting his filthy rags !

Shall I grind down the high,  
Entangling them in law, until, their wealth  
Oozing away un-mark'd in silent stealth,  
Low at my feet they lie.

And those who heard me pray  
On bended knees in vain—how shall they feel  
My pow'r most bitterly—the hired steel  
Might carry them away—

That were unsafe ; and worse  
Too speedy for the largeness of my hate—  
No ; when they cringe before my splendid state,  
Contempt shall be their curse.

The crowd shall bow before  
Him whose blood curdles at the servile throng,  
Who lives but to repay them seven-fold wrong,  
Him, whom they spurn'd before.

My chariot wheels shall ride  
Over their sycophant necks—my hated smile  
Eternal fires upon their hearts shall pile,  
And shrivel up their pride.

Avaunt ! Spirit of ill—  
Get thee behind me, thou rebellious Power ;  
Wrestling, I have prevailed in this dark hour,  
And thou art chainèd still.

Now God forbid that I  
Who have known wretchedness in every form  
Save crime, should loose on earth so wild a storm  
Of woe and misery.

Oh ! I remember well,  
How when I begged the cold refusal thrown  
Unto my prayer, like a vast weight of stone  
On my crush'd bosom fell.

And could I who have tried  
That inexpressible pain, list to the tale  
Of want, and let it pass without avail,  
As 'twere the wind that sigh'd.

Oh ! no—my coffers straight  
Would open of themselves to give relief  
Nor could my lips add to too stunning grief  
Refusal's leaden weight.

Then let my vengeance be  
To pay back evil with a load of good,  
And ever do to others what I would  
Others had done to me.

Hither your footsteps bend,  
Widows and orphans, wanderers and oppress ,  
Come ye want-stricken, way-worn, and distrest  
Be glad—I am your friend

LITTLE STANMORE, *November 19, 1840.*

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# L I L I A S.

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## PART I.

Be this remembered with thy first grey hair.

*Cullimachus. Ep. 3.*

---

Come, Liliass to this sunny bank  
To hear a moralizing strain ;  
Perchance hereafter you will thank,  
Tho' now I win but your disdain.

### 2.

I cannot pour the senseless flow  
Of trash that ladies love to hear ;  
But better prettier things I know,  
If I might gain awhile your ear.

### 3.

Oft have I mark'd you in the dance  
When smiles around those lips would rise,  
Pleasure suffuse your every glance,  
And laughter swim in your bright eyes ;



## 4.

As some musk'd coxcombs lisp'ing tongue  
Hath whisper'd the soft flattering lie,  
And you upon his accents hung  
In self approving vanity.

## 5.

And oft when I have sought your hand,  
And forc'd politeness bow'd assent,  
In hesitation would I stand,  
Speak not, or say not what I meant.

## 6.

But now far from that idle throng  
I feel my tongue and spirit free,  
And my rapt soul is loine along  
On flaming wings of poetry.

## 7.

Come then ; no musty rules I preach  
Drawl'd out by sleek or drivelling sage ;  
No thrice-told moral mine : I teach  
From nature's ever novel page.

## 8.

Each insect crawling on the ground,  
Each bird that flies on painted wing,  
Its mite, by my enchantments bound,  
Shall swiftly to the lesson bring,

## 9.

The breezy wood, the distant chime,  
The wandering wether's tinkling bell,  
And solitude, and space, and time  
Shall help the lovely theme to swell.

## 10

The herb, the flow'r, the shrub, the tree,  
The lonely night, and twilight dim,  
Brooks, rivers, and the boundless sea,  
All shall prolong the length'ning hymn.

## 11.

The starry heav'ns expansive dome,  
The early morning's freshning air,  
Shall point God's universal home,  
His present temple every where.

## 12.

You will not ? Lady, do not spurn  
Awhile to hear me draw my rules ;  
Nay, haughty girl, then back return  
To win the praise of courts and fools.

## 13.

Awhile the silkin host shall bow  
Before that stately step with sighs ;  
That swan-like neck, that marble brow,  
That snowy hand, those stag-like eyes.

## 14.

And while these paltry triumphs last  
Rivals shall own thee beauty's Queen,  
The present shall blot out the past,  
And you forget that I have been.

## 15.

But when those radiant locks are grey,  
And you have found too late the truth  
That pleasure is but of a day,  
And flatterers leave thee with thy youth—

## 16.

But when thy foot hath fall'n less sure,  
Nor hand, nor neck, nor forehead shine  
And younger brighter eyes shall lure  
The homage that has once been thine—

## 17.

Or when that fond heart thought to love  
Shall feel its yearnings all denied ;  
And every wile shall fail to move  
Coldness, satiety, or pride—

## 18.

Or when those feelings that yet sleep,  
But must hereafter wake, shall find,  
Surprised, no thoughts responsive leap  
In your dull partner's stolid mind—

## 19.

Or, when its mask pull'd off, you see  
The hollow pompous joys of rank,  
Then shall you sadly think of me,  
And call to mind this sunny bank !

## 20.

Yet God forgive my hasty speech ;  
Lilias, I mean not what I say—  
Leave me—and since I may not teach,  
For you it shall be mine to pray.

---

*L I L I A S.*

---

PART II.

---

Ah ! Liliās have you left the court,  
    Its giddy joys with willing feet,  
To grace with your majestic port  
    The humble poet's lone retreat ?

2.

Could you the ' pride of place ' forego,  
    The winning speech, the gallant mien,  
The plumes, and jewel's glittering show,  
    'To live unseeing and unseen ?

3.

And are those raven tresses mine ?  
    What for such goodness can I give ?  
Love equal not surpassing thine,  
    Yet growing fonder as I live.

4.

To teach the little all I know  
    Unto our downward journey's end ;  
Without a change myself to show  
    At once the husband, lover, friend,

## 5.

To pour the swelling verse along,  
Nor value what the world may say,  
If while she listens to my song  
My Liliās but approve the lay.—

## 6.

To rear the infant in thine arms,  
Sweet child, in goodness as in grace—  
To trace its mother's thousand charms  
Renew'd within its smiling face—

## 7.

To call for blessings on thine head  
And gain them for its parent's sake ;  
To smooth, if sickness chance, thy bed,  
And every sorrow still partake.

## 8.

To grant thee all that thou canst ask ;  
Or show thee that the want is vain,  
These henceforth are my daily task,  
This the return I make again.

## 9.

And as we roam the summer field,  
In mid-day, morn, or evening dew,  
Each herb and bush, and flock shall yield  
A lesson beautiful and new.

\* But men and beasts, and all that liv'd or mov'd  
Were books to him—he studied them and lov'd.

*Crabbe.*

## 10.

And copying thus from nature's book  
We shall each fleeting day improve ;  
Of others kindly judge ; but look  
At home for household joys and love :

## 11.

Share with the poor that little store  
Which God, remember, hath but lent,  
Nor vainly sigh, nor wish for more  
While our best blessing is content .

## 12.

Nightly and every morning pray  
With humble voice to lenient Heav'n  
For all the wants of every day,  
And thank for all past blessings given.

## 13.

Such tones sink deeper down, my fair,  
Than all the studied phrase of courts !  
Nor may their gaities compare  
With our more harmless healthful sports.

## 14.

For there the round still, still, the same  
Circles of changing day to night ;  
But here the varying seasons claim  
Each its peculiar delight.

## 15.

In spring we train the early flowers,  
And dance beneath the may-pole tree ;  
In summer sit in leafy bowers  
While the air stirs them lazily.

## 16.

In autumn pluck the juicy fruit  
From branches bending to the ground,  
In Winter pile the blazing root  
And bid the wine and tale go round.

## 17.

The tale of love or warlike deeds ;  
Or list while from his fire-side nook  
Our guest, the village pastor, reads  
Aloud the entertaining book.

## 18.

And all the year and every day  
Our frugal habits well can lend  
Help to the wanderer on his way,  
Or hearty welcome to a friend.

## 19.

'Tis thus, my Liliass, we will track,  
Hand link'd in hand, life's path-way o'er :  
Nor feel one pang in looking back,  
Nor fear the shadowy land before !



## 20.

And if affections honest glow,  
Surviving raptures' fiery heat,  
Its mild and cheerful warmth can throw  
Upon her humble, chosen seat,

## 21.

When Time has silver'd o'er her hair,  
Tho' courts she may not all forget,  
My Lilies smiling shall declare  
The change has cost <sup>me</sup> no regret.

LITTLE STANMORE, *Nov.* 18, 1840.

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*LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF SKETCHES  
MADE IN SCOTLAND.*

---

*Forsitan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

---

Hereafter, if perchance we gaze  
    Upon the pictures drawn to day,  
When time hath thrown a filmy haze  
    O'er all the scenes long past away,  
As memory's sun-like beams are shot  
    Athwart, the mists dispers'd shall fly;  
And every half-forgotten spot  
    Resume its own peculiar dye:  
The heather purple o'er the hills,  
    The woods in summer foliage shake,  
With silver gleam the mountain rills,  
    The skies lie mirror'd in the lake.  
And as the kindling landscape glows  
    Ideal, lo ! we feel renew'd  
Each thought that to our bosom rose  
    When first the real scene we view'd.  
For like those magic lines that start  
    To light when held beside the flame,  
Thought which hath long slept in the heart  
    Wakes at a sight, a sound, a name.

Time. as it were, delays awhile  
His flight, while thus we view the past,  
Like travellers turning with a smile  
To trace the road behind them cast.  
But seldom are these moments given,  
When life's worn pilgrims halting stay;  
Perchance they come direct from heav'n,—  
Then let us rest <sup>as</sup> ~~as~~ while we may.

LITTLE STANMORE, *Nov.* 18, 1840.

---

## A D R E A M.

---

How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears  
To learn the colour of my after years.

*Pleasures of Mœm ;*

---

Stranger ! if ever leaving the high halls  
Of revelry and light,  
Your heel hath turn'd upon their walls  
Into the cold clear night ;  
And you have mark'd the ready chariots stand,  
To carry home wealth's favour'd band,  
A motley pampet'd crew—  
Richer in dress, not lofty thoughts than you,  
With somewhat of a covetous sigh  
The while you pass'd them by ;  
Then homeward in the keen night air  
You started at your own steps lonely ringing  
In some wide-jaw'd deserted thoroughfare,  
Where in the busy day  
You scarce might jostle through your way,  
Now all so still you might have deem'd you sped  
Through some vast city of the dead,  
While round the gas its ghastly glare was flinging,  
Like those strange cressets found amid the gloom  
Of some old century-buried tomb,

Until upon the dirty public stair  
Scarce lighted by the dull lamp's flickering flare,  
    Disgusted and with toil  
You trimm'd the wick, and stir'd the sluggish oil,  
    To kindle your own taper's feeble ray,  
    Guiding your cautious way  
(First having closed and lock'd your massy door)  
    Across your attic chamber's creaking floor,  
Feeling that if struck down by sudden pain,  
    Your call must be in vain,  
Where none but drowsy watchmen hourly creep,  
Mechanically waking from their sleep—  
    If as you cast around your cheerless looks  
    On musty papers and time-canker'd books,  
    You felt the weariness of life  
    Hang heavy on your heart,  
    And a rising sense of hate or strife  
Against your fellows or their wealthier part;  
And a wish half form'd, half breath'd to see  
    Into the far Futurity,  
And what your own hereafter lot might be—  
If through your breast such thoughts as these have gone—  
    Stranger ! read on !

One night with bitterness like this repining,  
    In vain my limbs I toss'd and turn'd,  
Upon my lowly couch reclining,  
    For all my wooing gentle slumber spurn'd ;

Till when I gave my supplications o'er  
Sleep's shadows on my heavy eye-lids fell,  
When this wild vision in my dreams I saw,  
Which, tho' my words are poor, I tell.

Methought I stood upon a desert strand,  
Not knowing but that wild beasts lay  
Crouch'd in the depths of that drear land,  
Or men more savage far than they.  
Want would not let my feet stand still ;  
No herb I spied, no water flow'd ;  
So up a steep and rocky hill  
I took my solitary road.  
Brambles and briars tore my feet,  
Nor could I spy the path beyond ;  
Nor was there resting place nor seat,  
Which caused my fainting heart despond :  
And oft I wish'd the road was straight,  
That I might see my onward fate.  
But though I travell'd slowly,  
Alluring beauties by the road-side grew  
Where sunny flowers blush'd lowly,  
Of every tempting form and hue,  
With tints of sunbeams and of rain-bows shaded,  
But when I pluck'd them, lo ! they droop'd and faded.

So fill'd with onward thoughts my mind,  
I scarce had time to look behind,

Where dimness floated o'er the lower hill,  
And the far strand beyond was scarcely visible :

But dotted o'er the scene

With growth of magic green,

Where'er peculiar dangers I had brav'd,

Or stoop'd to pick a flower,

Tall wands with budding foliage waved,

Down drooping like a bower,

And the faint haze through which I saw them lent

A shadowy soft embellishment.

'Twas beautiful tho' dim—

Then turning round,

More dread and difficult my path I found,

As in my discontented mind

I curs'd the way and wish'd me blind—

But when I fancied that the onward road

Perehance might grow more pleasant and less steep,

A sudden change around me glow'd,

A stream unseen before beside me flow'd

With crystal waters pure and deep ;

The rocks that barr'd my way

Cover'd with verdure lay ;

The bramble dropp'd its thorn,

No more my feet were torn,

But roses bloom'd upon the briar's branches,

Which, yielding to my touch, no more I view'd

Perils, misfortunes and mischances,

But with a happy heart my journey pursued :

And the long vista stretch'd before me, beaming

With silvery light lay gleaming —

In new born pleasure lost I stood,  
Look'd round and saw all things were fair and good.

But soon my former mood return'd,  
And all these beauties wilfully I spurn'd.

Thus went I on my way, till with a sudden shock  
I found myself upon a jutting point of rock ;  
Another step had plung'd me from the steep  
Sheer down a thousand fathoms deep ;  
Yet shook I not, for eyes, thought, sense, soul, driven  
Across the chasm riven  
Unto a dread and most mysterious sight were given.

A curtain vast with many a cumbrous fold  
Impervious to sights entrance roll'd,  
Black as the sooty-pinnion'd midnight's birth  
Was stretched from heav'n to Earth.  
Yet on its shade  
A wondrous light there play'd,  
Whence cast I might not tell,  
For all was dark around my pinnacle.  
And gazing o'er the gulf I view'd  
A form in that dread solitude  
Cring'd at the mighty Curtain's foot,  
Clad all in sable weeds,  
Its head hid in its bony hands, and mute,  
(As tho' it mus'd o'er death or murd'rous deeds)



Like Banshee whose prophetic wailing  
 Tells that the lamp of life is failing—  
     Sudden I cried,  
 With strength I know not whence supplied,  
     “ Rise, shade, whatever Power Thou art,  
     “ I conjure Thee arise.”  
 It heard my call, and with a sudden start  
     Unfolding in huge size  
 Its giant shape rose on the dark'ning air,  
 I recognized the demon-form Despan !

His hollow cheeks worn to the bone,  
     Covered with parchment skin,  
 Eyes where Insanity's bright fires shone,  
     His bony hands and thin,  
 His tangled elf-locks round his spectral head,  
     And ready knife, high-brandished,  
     As if to strike, and end the throes  
     Of countless woes  
 Betrayed the monster's name—  
     His shadowy form of Hell  
 Full on the folded curtain fell,  
 And blotted out the luminous ray  
     Which on it ceased to play.  
 Then with evil fluting anger's name,  
     It spoke in hollow tones  
 Rattling the gibbet-swinging bones.

“ Mortal, who dost rashly dare  
“ To call from out his lair  
“ The fell form of despair,  
“ What wouldest Thou with me ?  
“ I am the Power on whom men call,  
“ When they would bid <sup>me</sup> ~~you~~ veil be rent or fall—  
“ Beware—I say, beware—  
“ If thou would’st bid me draw  
“ The curtain of Futurity,  
“ Thenceforth for ever more  
“ Thy life is desolate—  
“ Early and late  
“ We mate ;  
“ And fellow-dwellers we must be,  
“ Or I with you, or you with me.”

I spake—“ Altho’ my fate  
“ Be black as Hate ;  
“ Though an all-withering curse,  
“ Or Death, or worse  
“ Should fall on me for what I saw  
“ Dread Power, I bid Thee draw.”  
It answer’d—  
“ By what law  
“ Or human or divine,  
“ Or by what charm of thine,  
“ Say, dost Thou bid me hear ?—

" By what charm ? By many a year  
 " Long past without one joy to cheer :  
 " By mighty sighs, and every tear  
   " That lonely manhood hath been weeping  
 " Over its boyhood's bier,  
   " Where all its hopes lie sleeping—  
 " By this breast without a fear  
   " Of every sorrow form'd to tear it ,  
 " Ready to hug and call it dear,  
   " And strong, however sharp, to bear it ;

" By want, and care, and sorrow's sigh ;  
 " By helpless hopeless poverty ;  
 " By Debts heavy length'ning chain ;  
 " By Hunger, Thirst, Disease and Pain ,  
 " By the world's contempt, and Hate ,  
 " By this bosom desolate ,  
 " By midnight watchings, purpose crost ;  
 " Love unrequited, labour lost ,  
 " By vain longings, vigils, pray'r,  
 " To lay that curtain'd future bare,  
 " By the heart sick with hopes denied,  
 " By Ambition, Courage, Pride,  
 " I bid thee pluck the folds aside— [more—  
 " These are my charms—and would'st thou  
 " In thine own name I bid thee draw —

I said—

The specter bowed its head,

Signing obedience to my will—  
When treble darkness roll'd around the hill ;  
    Thunders broke forth in majesty,  
Incessant lightnings flash'd along the sky—  
    Low moans,  
    Deep, suicidal groans,  
And mocking gibberings fell upon my ear,  
    From far and near—  
Shrill wails of Penitence too tardy woe,  
    Wild laughter, scorning,  
And piteous sighs, and whisperings of warning,  
    Rose from the gulf below ;  
While all the rocks around  
    Utter'd a groan-like sound  
    As if from central Earth  
Some prodigy had leapt to birth  
    With painful bound.

    Awe-struck, and with amaze  
I heard, yet kept my straining gaze  
    Where with bright-gleaming blade,  
    The Giant shade  
Rear'd his gaunt form  
Against the elemental storm,  
With bony arm up-lifted bare,  
Drawn backward thro' the gloomy air,  
    Force for the fatal blow to gain,  
About to cleave the shaking veil in twain—  
    Another moment and my eye  
Had gazed on all Futurity.

When lo ! a purple light  
 Rose on the flying shades of night :  
 Iris' tints around were blending,  
 And from their heavenly home descending,  
 Ambrosial odours floated by ;  
 Soft rosy hues flush'd sudden all the sky :  
 And once again that tremulous ray  
 Upon the veil was seen to play,  
 Clear as eternal springs of day,  
 But that its power fell shining o'er  
 More fix'd and more continuous than before.  
 Music sweet, and choral song  
 Mingling, their far off tones prolong,  
 While fluttering down on snowy wings,  
 Wet with the dew of mercy's springs  
 Approach'd an angel form of youth  
 Beauty and Truth ;  
 A hood-wink'd hawk perch'd on her finger  
 Un-fatter'd loved to linger—  
 Conspicuous, even as she flies  
 For the strange brightness of her radiant eyes ;  
 Wide round her feet, her ample garments flow,  
 And silver sandals gleam with light below.

Whom seeing, fell despair  
 Shrouded his visage in his tangled hair,  
 And turn'd aside his head  
 As if in dread—

(Not dread—the Giant knows no fear)  
Soon, feeling her bright presence near  
    With trembling limbs he shook,  
Quailing, although he saw it not, beneath her look .  
    And all insensibly he melted into air :  
        While I,  
    As she drew nigh  
    Felt my heart throb with joy  
Such as I knew long since, when I was yet a boy !

    The form stood by my side,  
    And spake me with a smile  
That play'd around her lips the while,  
    At first in broken tones  
    Like a brook straggling over rocks and stones,  
Then from her rounded mouth they seem'd to glide  
    Forth like a stately river's tide.

“ Friend—for henceforth I am your friend,  
    “ With list'ning ears attend—  
“ But now, when you were tottering o'er the abyss  
    “ Whence no returning is,  
“ Pity beheld you, heavenly maid,  
“ And sent her sister Hope unto your aid—  
“ What impious wishes late have clogg'd your breast  
    “ With thoughts of deep un-rest,  
“ And how vain-longing sought to pry  
    “ Behind the Curtain of futurity

“ Acknowledge and repent—

“ But hither I was sent,

“ To teach and clear all doubt away

“ Ere to my heavenly home I wing my backward way.—

“ The desert strand where first you stood, was Earth  
Such as it rises on the Infant's birth —

Helpless, alone, you were plac'd there, nor knew

What dangers next might rise upon your view.

Your onward feet were forc'd to climb the hill,

For life once started never more stands still.

The weary path that you have walk'd to day

With rocks and thorns thick strewn is life's highway

'Tis all up-hill, and dreary seems, I own ;

But pleasure's flowers upon the road are thrown :

True that as soon as pluckt they droop and fade .

But there is one, go seek it in the shade,

Whose scent ne'er fails, whose hues will never die ;

Humble it grows, men call it Piety—

“ Then as you backward cast your pensive gaze

On memory's land, dim with a shadowy haze,

Was there not many a magic land-mark seen

To note the happy spots where you had been ?

“ Say, when you *hop'd*, did not your journey show

Beauties unseen before with sudden glow ?

Did not content steal from each briar its thorn ?

Was not the rose on every bramble borne ?

Did not the rocks of danger quick assume

A green which hid, if not destroy'd, their gloom ?

Did not your hand the facile boughs divide?  
 And crystal streams run murmuring by your side—  
 Blest streams! Of all our heavenly rivers first,  
 For he who drinks their wave no more may thirst.

“ The point where you are standing is a sign  
 Of the time present—’tis a point—and thine—  
 The gulf that yawns beneath you shows ’tis vain  
 That man to reach and draw the veil should strain.  
 The beam that just gave all the curtain light  
 Was mine—where’er I am, all things look bright.

“ A bridge, unseen to those like you who strive  
 Those awfully mysterious folds to rive  
 With wid’ning span across the chasm there lies;  
 But plain it shows unto *contented* eyes  
 The sons of wisdom on this path-way keep—  
 Fools, missing it, plunge head-long down the steep.  
 High o’er this arch an ample gate extends,  
 Which once attained your dubious journey ends.  
 Here all must enter, and once enter’d, see  
 With joys or horrors clad Futurity,  
 According as the travel has been made,  
 Or as their feet kept straightly on or stray’d.  
 Then mystery shall all be clear’d and pass  
 From the dim eyes, as on the mirror’d glass  
 The picture grows when shrinks the dulling breath—  
 Mortal, that door leads through the gate of Death.

“ To man are given the present and the past :  
 The first to improve, and to console, the last,



Surely 'tis fixed then by a just decree  
One should be God's ; that one, Futurity.  
Were all the griefs and trials that are there  
Foreseen, what could await man but despair.  
'Twas heavenly wisdom drew the impervious screen  
The present and the future times between—  
That 'twas plac'd there for *some* good rest secure,  
Tho' of the reason you may not be sure.  
What God hath not thought proper to reveal  
Let not man think it better to unseal.

“ But lest the anxious useless wish to know  
What shall be, should give <sup>ca</sup> both to ceaseless woe,  
And of improvement circumscribe the scope,  
God gave white wings and radiant eyes to Hope  
That man first loving and then copying me,  
However dark his present lot may be,  
May brightly learn to look upon futurity  
Farewell”—

Her pinnions open'd as she spoke,  
And as she soar'd back Heavenward I awoke.

Since then with cheerful mind I go  
My daily round of labour through ,  
No vain desire or wish I know  
The future, ere it comes, to view.  
I catch the present as it flies,  
That no tears for past time may rise,  
Nor future unprepared surprise.

Pleasures that chance I take for gain,  
And hope for better times in pain—  
No restless doubts my bosom shake,  
No longings keep my eyes awake,  
Sure that a bounteous power on high  
The morrow's wants will still supply.  
In thankful pray'r I raise my breath  
In life, and calmly look for death.  
I know the future then shall be  
No longer a seal'd book to me.  
Each passing day but serves to show  
"Man wants but little here below"  
Nor do I envy when his state  
I hear my wealthy friend relate :  
Contented with my honest gains  
I envy not his wide domains ;  
And when extinguishing my light  
Can kindly wish the world good night.

LITTLE STANMORE, *October 29, 1840.*

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## *EVENING THOUGHTS.*

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Proud denizens of cities—ye who waste  
In song and dance, and prodigal excess,  
In sensualities of touch and taste,  
Time, which was given or to curse or bless  
According to its use or uselessness—  
Come forth—come from your splendid haunts to scan  
Country in all the freshness of its dress  
Spring-clad with verdure o'er, and if ye can  
Compare these living works of God with those of man.

### II.

Come forth to wander when grey Eve hath hush'd  
In rest the humming labours of the bee ;  
Leave noise and glare to fan your cheeks yet flush'd  
By the hot breath of streets—but not with me—  
No ; fashion's tones and wild frivolity  
Ever be banish'd in that hour more meet  
For meditative thought, when Fancy free,  
All the gross labours of the day complete, [feet.  
Throughout creation's bounds roams with untrammell'd

### III.

Pale artizans, whose cheerless life is spent  
In ill paid drudgery, while an early tomb  
Yawns to receive you ; late and early bent,  
Plying the unwearied shuttle, o'er the loom,  
Quit your half-woven task, the stifling room,

To see what tints the web of nature paint—  
Come forth ye poor--but not with me, for gloom  
Nor care must these my favourite moments taint ;  
No season this for grief or querulous complaint.

## IV.

And ye, wan students, who with ceaseless toil  
Perplex'd, mark not the days too rapid flight,  
Ye, whose lone lamp fed with continuous oil  
Glimmering from some tall tower but palely bright,  
Rivals the star's unwearied watch of night,  
Leave your high aspirations, mystic dreams,  
And give one hour, the last of fading light,  
To search for health by waving woods and streams,  
And for awhile forget imaginative themes.

## V.

But not with me--though sweet 'tis to explore  
All the calm halls Philosophy has rear'd—  
To view enraptur'd from our safer shore  
The star-lit seas where Plato's spirit steer'd,  
Some Power, it may be custom, hath endear'd  
Spring evening to me by the gentlest ties,  
When with half-vacant mind, of labour clear'd,  
I roam, and my rapt sense to Nature flies,  
Mingling with all her hues, her thousand harmonies.

## VI.

Simple as various are her charms—the gush  
 Thus by some hazel coppice have I heard,  
 The last wild warbling of the tuneful thrush  
 Who unto evening sings, melodious bird,  
 Entranc'd awhile by music's spell, till stirr'd  
 By the succeeding silence, or the shades  
 Creeping around with stealthy pace to gird  
 In dark embrace waters, and slopes and glades,  
 Stern wooers, in whose arms each brighter colour fades\*

## VII.

Yet ere dim night hath clasp'd the hills and floods,  
 'Tis sweet to listen to the sounds which fill  
 The air, though in the depth of silent woods  
 The measur'd stroke of the lone woodman's bill,  
 In meads, the shout of childish sport is still;  
 The pent-up stream compell'd from earliest morn  
 With struggling wave to turn the clacking mill,  
 Now with free voice between its banks is borne;  
 The partridge calls his mate from out the tender corn:

## VIII.

The rooks black squadron in their lofty course  
 Careful to gain their trees ere close of day,  
 Call to their stragglers with a summons hoarse  
 Yet solemn to close up their long array—

\* Nox ruit, et fuscis tellurem amplexatur alis.

*Virg.*

The churming beetle drones his hollow bray ;  
The shrill-toned plover startled from her rest  
Wheels, shrieking, her eccentric flight away,  
The pious fraud of her maternal breast  
To lure intruding feet far from her lowly nest.

## IX.

These sounds are not of merriment, 'tis true,  
Nor when the day hath faded in the West,  
Gilt in the pomp of its empurpled hue,  
Have the gray tints of sombre Evening's vest  
A charm for every eye or every breast :  
But it *does* seem as if some Power above  
Had formed this hour express for thought and rest,  
And shaken, hovering o'er it like a dove,  
Forth from His wings the attributes of Peace and Love.

## X.

And these descending on all things around  
Have in their essence sunk so wondrous deep  
That choral birds, fresh herbs, and senseless ground,  
The phantom shadows that above it sweep,  
Clouds, skies, and all the copious dews they weep,  
Woods in their stillness, waters in their flow  
And silence wooing not yet winning sleep,  
The mystic influence of their presence show—  
'Tis therefore simple hearts ever love evening so.

## XI.

Therefore these plaintive notes refresh the mind  
By too long converse or deep study worn ;  
Therefore, our weak and wearied bodies find  
This tranquil light of fiercer splendour shorn  
Sooth after mid-day glare and gaudy morn :  
When the glad spirit from its toil or care  
(With pleasure satiate or by passion torn)  
Glides ; and the calm alike of earth and air  
Steals through the inmost sense, and melts the soul to  
prayer.

LITTLE STANMORE, *May* 21, 1840

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“ LAND OF THE SUN.”

---

Me juvat hesternis positum languere corollis.

*Propert :*

---

Land of the Sun, the flowers are bright  
That gem ~~the~~ forest glades,  
As tho' they caught each ray of light  
That falls through those deep shades.

But yet their bells of beauty throw  
No perfume on the air,  
Albeit with rain-bow dyes they glow  
No fragrance lingereth there.

And gorgeous are the birds that shoot  
Along thy sunny sky ;  
But harsh their voices are or mute  
They know no melody. /

Small solace thus the traveller finds  
In thy bright birds or buds,  
But dazzled, disappointed, winds  
Through silent scentless woods.



O'er what he left, he fondly dwells,  
Ere he had learnt to roam :  
The sober plumes, the modest bells,  
The birds and flowers of home.

'Tis then his memory better loves  
Than this gay tuneless throng  
The dusky forms that fill'd the groves  
From morn to night with song—

The tufts that half conceal'd among  
The hedge-rows, on their stalks  
Dew-bent, delicious odour flung  
On all his daily walks.

And thus perchance he may compare  
The present with the past ,  
In this find more of pomp and glare,  
In that of joys that last.

For though the world may deem his lot  
More brilliant than before,  
*He* knows and sighs that it hath not  
The sweets and tones of yore.

Sweets—when in fresh youths fragrant prime  
Life wore a flowery dress :  
Tones—when each well-loved voice would chime  
Only with kindness.

## THE SEVENTH DAY OF APRIL, JELLALABAD.

[On the 6th of April, news reached thearrison of Jellalabad that General Pottinger had been repulsed in the Khyber Pass, and thus their last chance of relief had failed them. Alibek Khan to promote the deception fired salutes in honour of the victory and lull'd with the full expectation that the Garrison would surrender. Under these circumstances the British troops had to sally forth on the 7th of April, and it may be deduced Settles with their 3000 men on their back. The result is well known. There seems to me something very striking in the story of the battle of Jellalabad, something exactly suited for the simple-minded man, and which our older brethren would have loved to chronicle.]

Hark ! 'twas a shout, a merry shout, a shout of joy and  
boast

Whose echoes went from tent to tent through all the  
marching host

Till it reach'd our furthest sentinel upon his lonely post  
And a martial clang of bugles rang, and of trumpets  
lifted high :

And a gleam of banners waving their scarlet blazonry,  
And a flash of quick artillery burst sudden on the eye  
Where the distant cannon boom'd with a voice of victory.

Then we heard a fatal word that the succour which was  
near

Had fail'd to scale the mountain-pass that frown'd upon  
our rear :

Our warrior brethren conquer'd, bow'd in dust the sword  
and spear,—

Eye peer'd in eye a moment in doubt but not in fear—  
'Twas *only* for a moment ; for the next right high and  
clear

Our gallant band replied with one universal cheer.

Up rose our brave old General like the Spartan king at  
bay

Who filled the gap at Thermæ, till the fourth bloody day.  
He called his Chieftains round him in terrible array :

Then he spake the words of wisdom with a bearing bold  
and gay,

And ask'd his leaders counsel, and not a voice said nay.

“ Friends, who have fought with, follow'd me, the hour  
has struck at last

“ To consummate in vengeance the glories of the past :

“ The aid we long have look'd for in death lies drooping  
low—

“ But little does he know us, our false and felon foe,

“ If like sheep unto the slaughter he thinks that we will  
go !

“ Should the God of Battles doom us, shall we fall with-  
out a blow ?

“ I look around on flashing eyes that proudly answer—No.

\* “ Who is there now remembers not, when the ramparts  
we had made

“ By the shock of heaving Earth were all in ruin laid,

\* Scarcely were the fortifications complete, when they were almost  
entirely destroyed by an Earthquake,

- “ Like the fall of the wall when the Jewish trumpet blew,  
“ How we labour'd night and day till they rose in  
    strength anew ?  
“ Is there one here who forgets how we forc'd the foe to  
    fly  
“ On the march and in the sally with our cheering battle  
    cry ?  
“ Let our end then like our other deeds be one of chival-  
    ry—  
“ This night to feast be dedicate, and to brimming wine-  
    cups high—  
“ To-morrow, in their ranks we plunge, and in the battle  
    die.”

That night all was light in our tents, the wine flow'd  
    bright,  
A smile was on each lip, hands pressed each other  
    tight ;  
Anon our brows were bent as of men to peril dight,  
And we steel'd our breasts with mutual words against the  
    morrow's fight—  
If we thought for a moment on our mothers and our  
    home,  
Our green and merry England girl in her belt of foam,  
And her woods and pleasant fields where we never more  
    might roam,  
It was not with repining, for we knew that we must die—  
Britain, if we like Briton's fell, would bless our memory.

Our sleep was calm and deep, such as only infants know,  
 The light-hearted, and warrior in the presence of the foe,  
 Till morning brought <sup>u</sup> into our eyes a fair and goodly  
 show—

Our columns form'd in many a deep and bayonet blis-  
 ling row ;

Our fiery horsemen mounted, their banners waving free,  
 Our guns all ready harness'd for the last day we might  
 see ;

And gaily thus caparison'd, in orderly array  
 We open'd wide our portals, and took our fated way,  
 As tho' we were apparel'd for some high and festive day.

Two boys of gallant bearing, e'en with the foremost man  
 Led on our clouds of slingers, to perish in the van.  
 But in vain did he rain, the blood-tar'd Akhbar Khan,  
 His iron storm upon us, for the welcome signal ran  
 From rank to rank like a flash of light it pass'd  
 Through the host from post to post, and our bagles blew  
 a blast,

That was answer'd far and near by a hearty British cheer—  
 It struck the foeman's heart with a chill of sudden fear ;  
 Then we brought our bayonets down, and we rush'd  
 across the plain,

Like to a mountain-torrent o'er-swol'n with winter rain :  
 All hope to check the course of our mighty force is vain .  
 Our path is mark'd with ruin, the dying and the slain—  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! the empty camp we gain.

Now charge, ye gallant horsemen, charge on the flying  
mass—

Charge for your fellows murder'd in many a treach'rous  
pass—

Charge for the widow and the wife, the captive and the  
dead—

Charge, charge ye for the memory of those who foully  
bled—

Let vengeance nerve each arm, strike home the willing  
blow—

Know ye this day no pity, mercy nor quarter show—

Pour in your shot, ye gunners—behold the long lost train  
Won by the prowess of our arms once more is our's again :  
Oh ! little did the Affghan when those guns away he bore  
Think that their vengeful throats so very soon would pour  
Forth on his own hot fugitive the bellows of war !  
Behold our tents and banners by the fierce barbarian left,  
Trinkets and many a token from our slaughter'd com-  
rades left

Well done thou noble river, thou hast swept above the  
few

Whom neither shot nor cavalry nor bayonets overthrew.

Now shout we all for victory, for we this day are free ;  
Now bow we all the head and bend we all the knee :  
For the praise, thou God of Battles, is only due to Thee.

Thou hast o'erthrown their horsemen, thou of the mighty  
arm,

Thou, Lord of Hosts, hast sav'd us from the peril and the  
harm :

The good cause and the right has triumph'd in thy sight ;  
Like chaff before the wind Thou hast put the foe to flight :  
And those who fell among us Thy mercy sure will save—  
Why should we moun for Dennie, true-heart and sol-  
dier brave—

Honour be to his pall, he fills a Soldier's grave !

MOWERAY GARDENS, *August 28, 1842.*

---

ON SOME TEETH EXTRACTED FROM A  
SKULL PLOUGH'D-UP AT WATERLOO.

---

So Time, old 'Edax rerum' has munch'd up  
A quarter of a century since last  
You bony gentlemen sate down to sup,  
Or in a deuced hurry broke your fast :  
But since, good teeth, you've got a new proprietor,  
By turning up again to open air,  
In times than when you left, by gum, much quieter—  
Reclaim'd, though not divided by the *share*,  
Well labell'd and all that I'll have you *set*  
(That's the 'vox propria') in my cabinet.

II.

It's no use asking since you cannot answer,  
But tell me, who the devil was your master ?  
Heavy or light Dragoon, Hussar or Lancer ?  
Or did he foot it ? By what fell disaster,  
What very painful process did he fall ;  
At the commencement or the close of day ?  
By pike or sabre cut or musket ball ?  
Did grape or round shot carry him away ?  
Did he die easily—or for a flagon he  
Calling and cursing pass'd perchance in agony ?



## III.

Tune up, you grinding organs, tell me truly

Where you then chattering or was his tongue ?

Was he an old hand, or recruited newly ?

Was he an officer, and was he young ?

Brave or a coward, married-man or single ?

Was his hair black and straight, or red and wirish ?

Among the Brussels waltzers did he mingle ?

Was he an Englishman, or Scotch, or Irish ?

And answer—but you cut—one other question—

Had he—I'm sure he had—a good digestion ?

## IV.

You still are strong and firm in every part, right [clear,

Through and through, flawless, double, white and

If you had fallen to our great Mr. Cartwright

You'd set the fish on through from *year to year* ?

Fancy the Townsman with a *trape* with wonder,

And many a fashionable biter bit

And *Motse* *Motse* *doct*—his own name under,

And in a bold hand flour'd over it

In letters gilt, or painted red or blue,

'The real original from Waterloo.'

Joking apart, you ought to be most glad—

In life your job was simply mastication,

The pleasure of your work your master had,

You had not one iota of sensation

Whatever is right—and thus 'tis well

You're laid up hero-like by me in laurel—

If your first owner rising where he fell [quarrel ;

Should clum you with his jaw, you know you'd  
At least I'm sure if he were left alone with you  
He'd not be long before he'd 'pick a bone' with you.

## VI.

You e'er 'fell out' in life, nor were you beaten

Tho' like a wolf you were the 'bone of his bone'—

Campagnaing by a wolf nor ever beaten

At Othe, Bithos, Kenilworth, or London?

But come, either in freedom or 'cause you perish'd,

I'd see comfort if we must live you by —

We'll put a sort of lock on you, cherish'd

Mementoes of death and victory

And a memento I shall ever own I

Possess in you of Waterloo and—*Donny*!

BOULOGNE, *October 27, 1831.*

AN INVITATION TO F. P. TO RENEW AN  
EVENING WALK IN THE WOODS OF  
ABOYNE.

---

Come forth, and let us through our hearts receive  
The joy of verdure

*Hemans.*

---

Oft-times there  
Hath lone devotion found a place of pray'r  
A native temple solemn, hush'd and dim  
For wheresoe'er you murmuring tremours thrill  
The woody twilight there man's heart hath still  
Confess'd a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless hymn.

---

How airy and how light the graceful arch,  
Yet awful as the consecrated roof  
Re-echoing pious anthems.

---

If ~~er~~ my friend, you lov'd  
To sit within some vast cathedral door,  
When on the transept's mellow-lighted floor  
Pale evening shadows mov'd,

Dimm'd by the colour'd pane ;  
While children's choral voices swept along,  
Some *one* superlatively clear, in song,  
A holy, seraph strain,

Such as the white-rob'd race  
Of angels raise eternal in the sky,  
So mystically sweet the harmony,  
Filling the holy place

With sweetness such as brought  
Sighs, tears, and trembling ; when the heart hath flown  
On wings of music to its Maker's throne,  
Free'd from all grosser thought—

If ever thus, my friend,  
In earlier days you lov'd to hear and bow, .  
Unto this wild but natural temple now  
With me your footsteps bend.

For here the stately pines  
Shoot up their taper shafts in pillar'd rows ;  
Here with them many a silver birch-tree grows,  
And, mutual, intertwines

Her boughs high over head  
With feathery branches of the graceful larch ;  
Mingling the fretted roof, in pendant arch  
Their giant grounds are spread.

Mark their fantastic rise !  
From gnarl-ed points and twisted knots they spring,  
Like heads, and snakes, and flow'rs, and monstrous thing  
Of quaint or mad device.

Carv'd in the sun mer prime  
 Long since, they are not of the arts of Earth,  
 But unto Nature's workmen owe their birth,  
 The cunning craft-man, Time.

Here too deep shadow sleeps  
 The mossy floor set by the sky stunn'd bright  
 With many a little patch of ray light  
 Where through the trees it peeps

But hush! the e-cones are and —  
 The wind the selen and wind — now soft as sigh,  
 Like to a wandering spirit, merrily  
 In eddies whistles and

It is the sense  
 Mute to words but still a whisper sent full  
 Fitful it is with a gentle swell  
 We know not where or whence

Through the whole quivering green  
 In a wild sough of maddening means,  
 Like, on a summer day, the wind-harp's tones,  
 With many a pause between,

Among the leaves it steals —  
 Now 'tis borne **onward like the rush of wings** ·  
 Continuous next its **anthem music rings**  
 With **fullest organ peals**.

Now while its murmurs sink,  
In this pure fane of the all-present God,  
Unmade by human hands, our seat the sod,  
Here let us rest and *think*.

Perchance some Christian sire,  
(When by the Roman Emp'rors heathen wrath  
Our simple forefathers were drivens forth  
With persecutious' fire,

To worship in the wood  
Him who had borne for them as they should bear)  
While in deep solitude and wrapt in pray'r  
With up-turn'd eyes he stood,

Was on the sudden taught  
From vista'd ranks of lofty-column'd trees  
And their join'd branches bending o'er to seize  
That vast ideal thought,

— A thought too vast for man—  
Which rais'd the light shaft in the Gothic pile,  
Vaulted the roof, drew out the length'ning aisle,  
And gave the arch its span.

Doubtless it must be so :  
For sure that solemn grandeur which we feel  
In our old churches, forcing us to kneel,  
Not *first* to man we owe :

But to some higher Pow'r  
Which may have prompted their majestic form  
To *recompense*, even here, the long-past storm,  
Or *mark* the trials' hour.

Now up ; and side by side,  
Ere dusky twilight's dubious gleam departs,  
Onward once more : and with our eyes and hearts  
Unseal'd and sanctified,

It will be ours to trace  
A thousand beauties mid the countless trees  
Which vacant shepherd passing never sees,  
Nor hunter in his chase.

For us each mossy stone  
Each grassy tuft, each spring and bubbling well  
Shall have its charms, each rocky glen and dell,  
Each blue-eyed flow'r scarce blown.

Ours is no *cruel* gaze  
Cast on the scudding hare or timorous roe  
While pausing long its cautious footsteps go  
Where the cool water strays :

But as our leisure stroll  
Mounting or falling through the shivering fern  
Startles the browsing herds at every turn,  
Around each heathery knoll,

We will survey with joy  
The harmless creatures that were form'd to share  
With us the blessings of the light and air—  
Let those who will, destroy !

Peeps of the distant hills  
Whose dim blue tops the far horizon meet  
At intervals we gain - close at our feet  
Straggle the twinkling rills.

What tones too fill the sky—  
Home to its nest the rook returning late,  
The turtle hoarsely calling to his mate,  
The heron's screaming cry :

The forest songster, thrush ;  
The chirping wood-cock in his steady flight,  
The cuckoo's double shout, the bird of night  
Pouring her tuneful gush.

Yet save these varied notes,  
'Themselves inspiring peace, all things are bound  
In wonderful repose : our path around  
What magic stillness floats :

Awak'ning in the breast  
Thankfulness, hope, faith in the Power above,  
Sweet contemplation and her sister, love,  
And holiness and rest !



Then as we homeward stray  
Lit by the earliest star's uncertain beam,  
Along the damp bank of the shallow stream  
Winding our dewy way.

Just where it skirts the wood,  
Of dear one's distant far our pleasant talk,  
Our hearts shall tell us that our forest walk  
Is redolent of good.

ABOYNE CASTLE, *June 1, 1841*

---

*AFTER A RE-PERUSAL OF " THE EXCURSION "*

---

True bird and holy ! Thou art even as one  
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye  
In every stream beneath the smiling sun  
Sees what the wells of living waters be  
Unseen while they sleep till touch'd by the  
Bright beauteous waves flow forth to catch the wand'ring free,

*Hemans.*

---

Little is to their fountain other furs  
Kept in, in their golden urns the white

*Milton.*

---

Time is a stream to run along the hills,  
The old and true of voices

*Hemans.*

---

Great Chronicler of Nature, real Bard  
Who from the noble structure of thy verse  
This Age's tawdry staccato dost discard,  
Say when most simple tale Thou dost rehearse  
In strains severe, yet elegantly terse,  
Thou dost enchant our age, allure our youth  
Winning them to the better from the worse,  
Though rugged oft, sometimes almost uncouth ?  
'Tis that Thou never swerv'st from the broad path of  
[Truth.

## II.

For not as others hast Thou lov'd to raise  
 A specious fabric built as 'twere to mock  
 With hollow pillars our ephemeral praise  
 Of gloss and decoration—at Time's shock  
 Crumbling to their first worthlessness—the rock  
 Is thy foundation—in thy work we see  
 Solid, yet ~~firmly~~ wrought, column and block,  
 With beauteous veins, a \*temple rais'd to be  
 Solemn and vast, for Truths' eternal Dcity.

## III.

Thine is that pensive spirit which can look  
 Deep through the meaning of each fount and spring ;  
 " Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,  
 " Sermons in stones, and good in every thing"—  
 Where'er thy wand'ring fancy please to sing,  
 On the bare mountain-top, in deep recess  
 Of shelter'd copse, or by the murmuring  
 Of unfrequented streamlet. Thou dost dress  
 Each loneliest spot in hues of peaceful loveliness.

## IV.

Morning and dewy Eve, Noonday, and Night,  
 Attend obedient spirits at thy call—  
 Thou rob'st the Earth in darkness or in light,  
 Bid'st thunders peal, sun shine, and showers fall,

\* In the preface to the excursion Wordsworth compares his great work to a Gothic Church, and his minor poems to its little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, none without its purpose.

Charming the list'ning sense—but most of all  
 We prize thee that tree, leaf, and weed, and flow'r,  
 Rock, river, roofless cottage, ivied wall,  
 Waste moor, the frozen lake, and summer bower,  
 Things senseless, thou mak'st speak with a sweet voice  
 [of power.

V.

In hazel-darken'd nooks, on starlit banks  
 Deep commune thou hast held with the Sublime,  
 Until that shadowy Genius pour'd the ranks  
 Of all created things, their order, time,  
 Aim, scope, proportion, fitness, on thy rhyme.  
 On the bleak points of solitary hills,  
 Where from thy boyhood thou hast lov'd to climb,  
*Him* Nature show'd to thee, whose presence fills  
 Sun, moon, skies, ocean, earth and many-twinkling rills.

VI.

Nay infinitely more—thy search doth find,  
 The subtle springs, seal'd to more vulgar eyes,  
 Whence all the secret workings of the mind,  
 Man's deathless part, mysterious motions, rise :  
 Awak'ning all our kindred sympathies  
 With mirth and fear, despondency and grief,  
 Calling at pleasure for our smiles or sighs,  
 Raising or calming passions, and in chief  
 Instilling in our hearts a beautiful belief—

## VII.

Belief, sure founded in undying Love—  
Sweet Resignation to the Pow'r on high—  
Faith, with meek eyes fix't steadfastly above—  
Hope, on her white wings ever fluttering nigh,—  
Greater than her fair sisters, Charity—  
Peace, and Goodwill to all our fellow men—  
Patience to live, and fearlessness to die—  
These virtues stir our sinful bosoms when  
We dwell upon the magic of thy wondrous pen.

## VIII.

"True hard and holy !" No vain system thou  
Dost build of baseless theories to show  
Learning or wit : no bold scoff utter'd now  
Shall rise hereafter to thy shame or woe.  
A wiser wisdom it is thine to know—  
Lit by the word of God, with holy fire  
The Bible-doctrines in thy numbers glow—  
Long through successive years may'st Thou inspire  
Our youth to emulate at once thy precepts and thy lyre.

## IX.

Thus, as a single star shoots forth a beam  
Not on the mirror of one only wave  
Reflected, but by many a glass-like stream,  
Thy spirit shall shine forth with light to save  
Thousands from darkness, darkness of the grave.

Then, like myself, who sweep the Nile along,  
Oldest of rivers, to its primal source,  
Accepting thy pure rays, a countless throng  
Shall, tho' with fainter rays, give back thy gift of song.

THE NILE, *January* 14, 1842.

---

*ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.*

---

That wing-ed Songstress, she, the stateliest bird  
Who sail'd majestic mid her peers along  
The sounding depths of Poesy and Song,  
Hath sung her last—her voice no more is heard,  
And she is dead.

With heav'n-sent dew her plumage glist'ning o'er  
Shone forth refulgent in the beams of morn—  
Her arching neck and lofty carriage borne  
With nature's pride launch'd proudly from the shore  
To stem the stream.

Whilst her eyes gazed upon the clouds that lay  
Mirror'd in shadowy semblance on the tide,  
Or view'd the banks with various flowers dyed,  
Or caught the spirit of the winds at play  
With the young leaves,

The flashing waters rippled round her breast  
In fiery circles of such magic light  
As the lone fisher oft in summer night  
Plying his homeward oar, shakes from the crest  
Of ocean wave.

Or when the rushing clang of many wings  
Soar'd upward thro' the clear expanse of sky,  
'Twas her's to lead the van—the first to fly  
A guide inspired to the earliest springs  
Of holy light.

There drinking from those fountains draughts of Truth,  
She warbled to the list'ning crowd below  
In hallowed notes, to whose sweet choral flow  
Years lent their wisdom, all its freshness youth,  
To grace the song.

And as in life with mournful tones she sung,  
Wild, simple, dirge-like, sacred, such a strain  
As thousand hearts re-echo back again,  
So in her death sad melody she flung  
On all around.

Her spirit hath gone forth to join the choir  
Of everlasting harmony and love,  
Soaring far off those starry realms above,  
Whence to her somewhat of true heavenly fire  
Living was lent.

We mourn Thee, winged Songstress, mourn the dead !  
Yet oft imagination loves to dwell  
With sister memory on thy notes which fell  
Wild music on our ears—*they* have not fled  
This earth with thee :



But floating round, like Ariel's songs, they rise.  
    Leading us on with magic felt not seen  
    To tempt that airy path where thou hast been,  
And by our living win those far off skies  
    Where thou art now.

LIAFLLE SIANMORL, *December* 18, 1859.

---

## FAREWELL TO DUNTROON.

[The legend upon which the story of the Fairies is based is that when the Clan Campbell had seized Duntroon Castle in the absence of its Lord they put all the inmates with the exception of an old Piper to the sword. This faithful servant contrived to give his master, as he was returning home, timely warning, by playing the air 'Farewell to Duntroon.'

Bonny Duntroon looks o'er the sea,  
And is-land far away,  
Stein Jura rising bold and free,  
And lonely Colinsay,

O'er Cunnan's mermaid-haunted strand,  
And solitary More  
On pebbly beach, on silver sand,  
And many a rocky shore.

But tearful eyes were bent in vain  
O'er creeks and bays and floods,  
From Isla northward o'er the main  
To Corruvickin's woods,

When Campbell made his eagle stoop  
On the defenceless prey  
And clutch'd the castle in his swoop—  
Why was its Chief away?

Nothing had Malcolm got to fear  
    When on his barge he leapt  
And for the roe-buck and the deer  
    To rugged Scarba swept.

Her parting smile his lady gave,  
    Her children kiss'd the hand  
Unto the barque on ocean wave  
    Fast less'ning from the land.

Not tears rose to that lady's eye,  
    Her lord would back be soon  
And Malcolm rose and waved on high  
    His cap to fair Duntroon.

But never more shall kindness wait,  
    Affection welcome home,  
The Chieftain to his castle-gate,  
    The wand'ring from the foam.

His foe had mark'd the sturdy crew  
    Stretch to their labour'd toil,  
And on his hold defenceless flew,  
    When none was there to foil—

Then streaming eyes gazed out in vain  
    Those many isles between :  
But still along the vacant main  
    No coming boat was seen.

Too soon the vengeful Campbell's rage  
    Had gain'd the Castle ward ;  
For pray'r or sex, or youth or age,  
    No pity had the sword.

All in that bitter hour died  
    The page, the children small :  
The Chieftain's young and lovely bride,  
    The grey-hair'd seneschal.

Soon forky flames had wrapt the walls  
    But that the Campbell thought  
By keeping silent in his halls  
    The Malcolm might be caught

When unsuspecting from the chase  
    Unarm'd he leapt to land ;  
And eager sought his dwelling-place  
    With his un-ready band.

So ambush'd the marauders lay  
    And led his Piper forth,  
And while they feasted bade him play  
    (He had escaped their wrath)

His pibrochs rose so shrill and clear  
    The Campbell spai'd his life,  
But lock'd him in the tow'r when near  
    Drew on the time of strife.

But hush ! they hear the boatmen's song  
Float distant o'er the tide,  
As Malcolm's pinnace sweeps along  
By willing rowers plied.

The sea-fire flash'd around in flame,  
The Chieftain's heart was light,  
Successful from the chase he came,  
And calm the sea and night.

Soon would his children round him play,  
His lady hear him tell  
By the bright hearth, how turn'd to bay  
The antler'd monarch fell :

And as his Castle rose to view  
Distinctly thro' the gloom,  
He waved on high his bonnet blue  
Deck'd with an eagle's plume.

The rowers chime swells louder now,  
And swifter flies the bark,  
While the cleft waves crisp round the prow  
In many a liquid spark.

But ere the beach received the boat  
Lit by the lonely moon,  
The pipe shriek'd out its warning note  
'Twas " Farewell to Duntroon."

The boatmen rested on their oars,  
The signal sounded shrill,  
And as they turn'd them from the shores  
Young Malcolm's heart grew chill.

The pibroch's note short-broken ceas'd,  
There rose one piercing cry,  
A flame burst forth that soon increas'd  
And redden'd all the sky.

Full many a look kept ling'ring back  
In vengeance or despair  
While stream'd across their Ocean track  
That deep and fitful glare.

In silence o'er the star-lit foam  
The barque bore on the clan,  
And Malcolm, now without a home,  
A wifeless, childless, man.

The Chief of every joy bereft  
Took vengeance sure and soon  
But ever curs'd the day he left  
His bonny home, Duntroon.

A form of speed and shaggy flight  
Swept with the fiery cross  
Dark gleaming on the startled night  
O'er mountain and o'er moss.

The bearded flame from rock to rock  
The Malcolm's signal bore;  
Each glen pour'd forth for battle shock  
Its tatan and claymore.

Full on the Campbell's robber hold  
With a resistless flood  
The vengeful tide of war was roll'd  
On crimson waves of blood.

They met upon a swelling hill—  
So fresh the morning air,  
So vast the space, so lone and still,  
Fit spot it seem'd for play'r.—

But no respect men's passions feel  
For beauty's holiest charms :  
So there the shout and clash of steel  
Rang in the ain of arms

And dearly for their ruthless raid  
On Malcolm's helpless wife  
The treacherous clan of Campbell paid  
Upon that field of strife.

Of all who trod the purple heath  
Full of bold life that morn,  
Nor chief nor serf was left to sheath  
The blade that he had drawn.

The ruin'd tow'rs dismantled stones  
    Out on the moor-side pour'd  
Lay white beside the bleaching bones  
    Of him who call'd them lord.

And long the heather deep was dyed  
    With blood's unfading stain,  
For Pity sternly turn'd aside  
    Till all the host was slain.

The childless chief spar'd not his foes  
    While shull the mournful tune  
That uring on flesh carnage rose,  
    Was "Farewell to Duntroon."

---



TO THE MEMORY  
of GEORGE EARDLY BLOIS NORFON, *who was drowned*  
*while bathing in the Ganges near*  
ALLAHABAD, April 19, 1841.  
*Aged 19.*

---

ὅν οἱ θείοι φίλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis ?

He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter in the parching wind  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

*Lycidas.*

---

Fare thee well, kind heart,  
Follow thy sainted sire ;  
Early thou dost depart,  
God will not much require !  
Whom He enough hath tried  
His searching Spirit gathers  
Unto his holy side  
Among the chosen fathers.  
The tree brings not forth fruit  
If frost the bud hath nip-ped ;  
The axe laid to thy root  
Too soon thy stem lies strip-ped

Deeply, gallant youth,  
     All who knew thee loved thee ;  
 The Lord who mark'd thy truth,  
     Took when he had prov'd thee.  
 Why for a few brief hours  
     Would we call thee hither ?  
 Ever the fairest flowers  
     Are the first to wither.  
 Fare thee well, kind heart,  
     Follow thy sainted site,  
 Early thou dost depart,  
     God will not much require !  
 Better young to die  
     Than in age to linger,  
 The mark for misery,  
     Or disease's finger.  
 Tho' all hoped for thee  
     Many a happy morrow,  
 Yet *might* Futurity  
     Have brought thee only sorrow.  
 When we saw thee last  
     Short time we thought to sever—  
 One little year is past,  
     Thou art gone for ever.  
 Not by the sword laid low,  
     First on the field of slaughter,  
 Thou liest beneath the flow  
     Of cruel Ganges' water

Fare thee well, kind heart,  
Follow thy sainted sire,  
Early thou dost depart,  
God will not much require !  
When with laugh and talk  
With thee last summer nightly  
We took our evening walk  
Across the meadows lightly,  
Little did we think  
Thy coronal of gladness  
Was so soon to sink  
Sepulchred in sadness.  
When we clasp'd thy hand  
Ere thou went'st to danger  
In the burning land  
Of the dark-brow'd stranger,  
Promises of wealth  
And quick return were spoken.  
And happiness and health—  
Alas ! how are they broken !  
Fare thee well, kind heart,  
Follow thy sainted sire,  
Early thou dost depart,  
God will not much require !  
Many a bitter tear  
Are thy sad sisters weeping  
Over the lonely bier  
Where thou alone art sleeping

Thy friends and mother mourn  
     With grief too quick for telling  
 The widow's proud hope torn  
     From thine orphan dwelling.  
 Tho' thou wert far away,  
     Nor we might view nor hear thee,  
 Sweet fancy every day  
     Waited our spirits near thee.  
 Was't not some dreadful dream  
     By thoughtless strangers told us  
 Of that ungentle stream—  
     Shalt thou no more behold us ?  
 Fare thee well, kind heart,  
     Follow thy sainted sire,  
 Early thou dost depart,  
     God will not much require !  
 Alas ! too true the tale—  
     Tho' tears and plaintive numbers  
 And selfish grief must fail  
     To wake thee from thy slumbers,  
 Yet he whose voice hath pou'd  
     For thee this dirge repining,  
 Shall wreath thy virgin sword  
     Dark cypress round it twining.  
 Young soldier, gentle boy,  
     The love which we have cherish'd  
 Death never can destroy,  
     Life alone has perish'd.

Thy soul thro' him who saves  
    Is given to the sky—  
Thy body to the waves—  
    To us, thy memory.  
Fare thee well kind heart,  
    I follow thy sainted sire,  
Early thou dost depart,  
    God will not much require!

LITTLE STANMORE. *Aug.* 6, 1841.

---

*HOPE, ERE PASSION TELL THE TALE.*

---

Hope, ere passion tell the tale  
Of burning love without avail,  
Wears like the rose upon the tree  
The blushing bloom of gaiety.

But when the tale is told, and heard  
Without one kindly answer'd word,  
Hope faded, and its flushes dead,  
Is like the same rose wither-ed.

Love hid, is like a pleasant dream  
Where phantom shadows real seem :  
It fancies what it would have true,  
And sees with fond distorted view.

Love told, and bid to love no more  
Is like the same dream sudden o'er  
Instant the sweet illusions fly  
And all the past is vanity.

---

FORBID TO HOPE I THOUGHT LIGHT-  
HEARTED.

---

Forbid to hope I thought light-hearted  
I still could leave my native home,  
So with a hollow laugh I parted  
From friends through distant lands to roam.

Unchang'd my noisiest fellows found me  
So well had I concealed my pain—  
But now that silent seas surround me  
Each effort to conceal is vain.

Oh ! how I curse the foolish pride  
That gloried while a name it earn'd  
Which, if it drove me from your side—  
You do not know the heart you spurn'd.

---

*Smiled & cried shall I despond  
to go where warmer sun beams this  
forms as fair, hearts more fond  
eyes almost as blue as thine*

## HAD I IN PLAYFUL HOUR.

---

The lover doom'd  
To love when hope hath fail'd him, whom no depth  
Of privacy is deep enough to hide  
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair  
And that is joy to him.

*Wordsworth.*

---

Had I in playful hour  
    Stolen from the girl I love  
A pencil or a flower,  
    A ribband or a glove,  
No miser's broken sleep  
    Should guard his gold from stealth  
As that treasure I would keep,  
    To me a mine of wealth ;  
In the country of the stranger  
    How my bosom it would stir,  
In absence or in danger—  
    But what is that to her ?  
And have I not a token  
    Of her who said me nay ;  
Yes, yes, this fond heart broken  
    Shall remember her for aye.



But surely it were better  
    To banish my regret :  
Yet how can I forget her  
    Where my heart of hearts is set.  
I do not *bid* her hover  
    In my nightly dreamings nigh :  
Nor my waking thoughts discover  
    Nought but her memory.  
I frame no wish, yet never  
    For an hour is she forgot,  
But constant present ever  
    In wish and dream and thought.  
Do I want another token  
    Of her who said me nay—  
No, for this fond heart broken  
    Shall remember her for aye.

---

*WOULD I HAD TRUSTED HIM WHO SAID.*

---

Would I had trusted him who said  
    Vainly to me a headlong lover  
That all my joys would instant fade  
    If once my love I dared discover.  
Gay bubbles blown from foamy froth  
    Must burst if they will seek the sky :  
On giddy wings the flutt'ring moth  
    Will seek the candle, tho' it die.

Oh ! would I might unsay again  
    The words that ne'er should have been spoken ;  
Through passion I disclosed my pain,  
    Through folly has my heart been broken :  
Better be sweetly stung to death  
    By hopes the honey-bees, than lie  
In endless agony beneath  
    The scorpion stab of certainty.

---

*HAVE YOU NOT HEARD THE HOLLOW  
SHELL.*

---

Have you not heard the hollow shell  
Whose murmur'd tone  
Speaks of its native ocean swell,  
And that alone ?—  
Faithful in spite of time and space  
Its murmurs rise,  
Regretting still its former place  
In plaintive sighs.

Such is my heart which constant thrills  
With thoughts of thee :  
Thine image and thine only fills  
My memory.  
Ceaseless it breathes from night to morn  
The same, and yet  
Sighs for the love from whence 'twas torn  
With fond regret.

---

## OH ! FOR MY BOYHOOD BACK AGAIN.

---

Τίς γὰρ ἀδυνάς ὕπερ  
Θνατῶν βίος ποθεινός :

*Simonides.*

---

Speak not of the past for its sunny hopes have faded,  
Speak not of my youth for its visions are no more ;  
Sad thoughts have blighted it, and early griefs have shaded,  
Scenes so joyous once, and then sweetness is no more.

*Lady Flora Hastings.*

---

How am I punish'd, I the proud,  
Who scoff'd when others sadly said  
That coming years were like a shroud  
Cast o'er youths beauties wither-ed :  
Who swore, whate'er I knew of joy  
Enough to taste must yet remain,  
That pleasures ne'er could fade or cloy—  
Oh ! for my boyhood back again—

### 2.

The ringing laugh, the rush from school—  
My host of fellows gay as I—  
The stol'n hours by the glassy pool—  
The days of reckless levity—

The coy Muse woo'd beneath the trees—  
 The free bound o'er the level plain—  
 The hill-side clombe with swiftest ease—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

These are as nothing—I am young,  
 And skill'd in each more manly game,  
 Nor half her verse my muse hath sung,  
 Nor bow'd nor stricken yet my frame.  
 But where oh ! tell me where have fled  
 The *careless* mind, the *joyous* strain,  
 The day-dreams and oblivious bed—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

## 4.

Hope tripping free on rosy feet—  
 Ambition, yet untired its wing—  
 The truant heart that only beat  
 For love's delight, nor knew its sting—  
 High aspirations, firm belief  
 In friends and honour without stain ;  
 And my ignorance of grief—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

## 5.

Where is the confidence that all  
 Was as it seem'd beneath its dress—  
 Nor fear'd that ere the mask might fall,  
 Or life should lose its loveliness—

The smiles—and where oh ! where the tears,  
 A fond heart's fertilizing rain  
 Shed on the flowers of early years—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

## 6.

How am I punish'd, who enjoy'd  
 The pain which others said they felt,  
 The blank, the longing and the void  
 Where nought but pleasure late had dwelt.  
 How am I punish'd, I, who laugh'd  
 And bade the care worn wanderer, drain  
 The goblet that myself had quaff'd—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

## 7.

For this my foolish creed—to find  
 The present ever fresh and fair,  
 Regret not what was left behind,  
 Nor for the future look nor care.  
 The laugh is hollow—dash'd the cup  
 With bitter waters—bare the chain  
 Which garlands only cover'd up—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

## 8.

I feel the change—e'en now I turn—  
 No longer gay and kind and light,  
 But cautious, cold, distrustful, stern,  
 From flesh to stone, from day to night :

Hard fate for one like me whose life  
 On roses and on love hath lain  
 To struggle with so hard a strife—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

## 9.

Now that light-heartedness has flown,  
 And mirth responds not to my call,  
 My former smiles no longer known,  
 My very tears forgot to fall,  
 Ambition gone, and friends not fast,  
 I would, but how can I refrain  
 From sighing o'er the happy past—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

## 10.

Where'er my weary eyes I fling  
 Fresh sorrows rise, fresh griefs surround ;  
 Joy's broken urn and dried up spring,  
 And love of loneliness profound—  
 Satiety and discontent—  
 Plans thwarted, wishes form'd in vain—  
~~Fresh~~ burnt out—hopes quiver spent—  
 Oh ! for my boyhood <sup>back</sup> again !

## 11.

All social ties asunder burst—  
 All old affections gone to waste—  
 Unkindness, and the ceaseless thirst  
 For draughts that I may never taste—

No sympathy for deep distress—

A sluggish pulse and reeling brain—

Unnumbered days of listlessness—

Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

12.

Now shall mine emulation rust

Like useless sword within its sheath—

Farewell, high name ; laborious dust :—

The ivy, and the olive wreath—

May she not leave me with the rest,

Though sadly must her voice complain,

The Muse, sweet soother of my breast—

Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

13.

For'd backward on my heart my love

Must find no sweet congenial spot—

So to its ark return'd the dove

When seeking rest she found it not—

My mid-way course is dark'ning o'er

With gloom and solitude and pain—

My God—I dare not look before—

Oh ! for my boyhood back again !

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## FAREWELL TO THE MUS.

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Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam, scribimus hortis

*Ovid.*

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Farewell, my Muse, for thou hast gently done  
Thy spiring, hast been  
To me friend, mistress, queen,  
And praises faint and few thy minstrelsy hath won.

Oft on the mossy marge of twinkling brook  
Bubbling o'er many a stone,  
To other feet unknown,  
Embosom'd in deep woods, a lov'd and lonely nook,

While shelter'd by the arms of some huge tree,  
And lost in waking dream  
On low or lofty theme,  
The joys of rural life, or love, or liberty,

Have, <sup>as it were</sup> side by side, nor mark'd the hours  
From the first waider cry  
Rais'd by the lark on high,  
Till sultry shepherds hide their flocks in noon-tide bowers;

'Thence, till the twilight nymphs with sandals grey  
Urging their dewy feet  
From earth with still retreat

Print all the steaming meads, a live-long summer-day.

But most thou hast been with me in the night\*  
     Bidding me rise and sing  
     Thy †rosy whispering,  
 Or sooth'd my restless couch with visions pure and bright.

My fitful Muse, for such in sooth thou art,  
     Like a true passage-bird,  
     Of song, unseen till heard,  
 At thine own seasons rise thy wood-notes, so depart ;

Save when I seldom raise my staff on high  
     And with a gentle sway  
     Which thou hast lov'd to obey  
 Forc'd thee awhile to leave the regions of the sky.

My fitful Muse ! we must no more renew  
     The happy moments past :  
     They were too sweet to last,  
 Thy harp is all unstrung, thy fingers tremble too.

'Tis not that I have left my native land  
     O'er watery wastes to roam  
     Far from my pleasant home,  
 The co-mates of my soul, and friends, a brother band :

\* “ νυκτιλαλὸς κιθάρη.”

† ῥόδα μ' ἐίρηκας.—Anacreon,  
 So the French “ dire des fleurettes.”

For banishment would lose its bitterest sting  
 Did I but choose to shake  
 The harp chords, and awake  
 The echoes of the past on memory's tuneful sting.

'Tis not that in the stranger's clime my life  
 In labour must be spent,  
 For I must pitch my tent,  
 Haid by the brazen walls that gird in care and strife—

There, as the imprison'd thrush more blithely trills  
 His natural melody,  
 So in my cage could I  
 Recall the vernal fields, cool streams and breezy hills

But never bird yet drew down from above  
 The true ethereal fire  
 To touch his earthly lyre  
 Unless he was belov'd, or not forbid to love

Therefore we part and sure the time and place  
 Are for such parting fit  
 The stars to witness it  
 Keep ~~the~~ watch on high in the sky's cloudless face

The Moon looks down into the wave below .  
 Old Ocean scarcely swells  
 Above his rocks and shells,  
 \* So calm his giant sleep, so smiling is his flow.

—\* ποντιων τὲ κυματῶν  
 ἀνηριθμόν γέλασμα  
*Æschylus.*

On with majestic march my vessel glides,  
While silvery light is pour'd  
Full on each sail and cord,  
The tall masts' taper length, and brightly gleaming sides.

'Tis the deep noon of night : the path we came  
Far o'er the waters back  
Flashes, a fiery track,  
A line of waving light, a sheet of foamy flame.

Now from my back I pluck my wizard gown,  
And with my broken wand  
All mortal reach beyond  
"Deeper than ever plummet sounded" plunge them down.

A flashing circle closes o'er the spot  
Where they sink down to rest  
On couch with sea-weed drest,  
Mid shells, or in some coral cave, or pearly grot.

No more ! oh ! never more then, Muse, for me  
From thy night slumber start—  
Deaf ear and widow'd heart  
Are mine ; my wand and gown lie buried in the sea.

RED SEA, 1842.

*F I N I S*

